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Original Poetry.

AN AUTUMN PICTURE.

BY ALICE GILL.

Standing by the window, sighing,
As I saw the leaves drop down,
Ah! I cried, sweet Summer's dying,
And the tree must lose its crown.

Scarcely had I thus lamented,
When those branches, dark and bare,
Clasping, formed a pretty frame-work
Round a picture wondrous fair.

Thus, how oft, when fate seems cruel,
And we mourn for pleasures dead,
There's in store some precious jewel,
Brighter far than all that's fled!

Summer could not, warmly blushing,
Vie with her whom now I see
Peeping 'tween those dry old branches,
Casting tender looks at me.

LAST NIGHT.

BY FRED. A. FARMENTER.

Oh, Cyril, you saw the clouds last night
With pearly pinions embosom the moon:
And your soul grew mute, as though it were caught
In the fairy mesh of a seraph-tune!

But no! it was not the clouds you saw,
In luminous legions thronging the sky,
But rather the snow-white robe of God,
As He walks in majesty far on high.

Adown the kingdom of space it falls,
To the cadenced song of angelic choirs:
And the golden spangles adorning its skirts,
Are known to us as the starry fires.

MARY MORROW.

I.

Yes! the scene is all unaltered;
Scarce a tree is hewn or blighted,
Since our ardent faith we plighted
In our morning—in the springtime of our lives.
I see the river gently stealing—
The tireless swallows still are wheeling
Around the barn,
Methinks the self-same frogs are croaking
In yonder turn?

II.

O'er pine-clad peaks, and painted meads,
And mountain rocks and marshy reeds,
The same supernal waves of light
Yet seem to flow,
That laved the feet of Mary Morrow,
Ten years ago!

III.

I've wandered by Italian streams,
And toiled among Tyrolean passes,
And felt the heart-bewitching gleams
Of Alpine and Italian lasses,
But never, in the gaudy day,
Nor by the moonlight's softened ray,
Have I beheld such spirit eyes
As those of Mary,
When o'er you painted mead she tripped
So like a fairy?

IV.

Oftimes from Arden's hallowed realms,
Where joy makes vocal every glade,
Bright spirits seek this vale of tears,
To tell us of what heaven is made!
Too well my boyish heart divined
That this was Mary's work with me—
To point me out the way to Heaven,
Then sink into the daisied lea!

V.

Far up the mountain craggy side,
Upon a flat rock, huge and hoary,
Where oft, amid the crumpled leaves,
When Autumn filled the woods with glory,
Young Mary rested while she told
Some passage in the Saviour's story,
I writhe in bitter pain
To think that forty years may pass
Ere we may meet again!

IV.

The Summer sun in splendor gleams—
The fish are sporting in the streams,
The birds their merriest carols sing,
And echo makes the woodland ring
With harmony and joy:
But ah, my heart is rent in twain,
And never shall it thrill again
When Spring dispels fell Winter's gloom,
Or Summer buds in splendor bloom,
As when I was a boy.

VII.

What serves it when the bard is dead,
And hands that wrought are stiff and cold,
To heap up stones above his head,
And wet with tears insensate mold!
In yonder grave where daisies bloom,
And Winter spreads his winding sheet,
My hopes, my aims, my heart, are dead
To Winter cold or Summer heat.

A. WATTERS.

— The following paragraph descriptive of the great "mill" between Tom Sayers and Bob Brettle appeared in *Willis' Spirit of the Times*, copied from *Bells' Life:*

On coming up there was no mark of Bob's visitation on Tom's jaw, but the effect of Tom's blows on Bob's mazzard and eye was very visible. His conk and left peeper were swollen, and the claret was still visible from his whistletrap. . . Bob's beak and mouth showed that Tom had been there; he, however, dashed in, and heavy exchanges took place, Tom getting on to the left peeper, and Bob on the body. Bob now broke away, and resorted to his cunning peripatetic dodge, but Tom only grinned, and waited for him. At length Bob dashed in, and got on the chest very slightly, Tom returning well on the kisser.

— M. Charles Blanc, brother of Louis Blanc, has just issued the first part of a magnificent work, edited by him, and entitled *L'Œuvres complets de Rembrandt*. It contains some 40 engravings, in the highest style of art, of the *chef d'œuvres* of the great Flemish painter, beside a biographical and critical commentary and a complete catalogue of all his works.

— Mrs. Richards, wife of Addison Richards, the artist and magazine writer, has entered the field of authorship. A story, entitled "Jessie Allison," is announced from her pen.

— The number of emigrants who arrived at this port during the last week was 1,087; and the total number since January 1st, is 65,284.

[Translated from Balzac for the N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS.]

The Unknown Chef d' Œuvre.

GILLETTE.

Toward the end of the year 1612, during a cold morning of December, a young man in a threadbare suit was slowly pacing up and down before the door of a house in the street Grands Augustins in Paris. After walking a long time with the irresolution of a lover who did not dare to visit his mistress, however propitious she might be, he ended by entering the door, and asked if the Master François Porbus was at home. On hearing an affirmative from an old woman engaged in sweeping the lower staircase, the young man mounted the stairs slowly, with the air of a courtier uncertain of his reception. On reaching the landing, he stopped a moment, undecided whether to sound the grotesque knocker which ornamented the door of the studio, where doubtless the painter of Henri IV., forsaken for Rubens by Marie de Medicis, was working. The young man was moved by the deep feeling which thrills the hearts of great artists, when in the strength of their youth and love for the fine arts, they meet for the first time a man of genius or a great work of art. There is a first freshness in all human feelings, the growth of a noble enthusiasm, which by time is slowly worn away, until happiness becomes but a remembrance, and glory a deceit. Among these fleeting emotions, none so nearly resembles love as the passion of a young artist commencing his career of glory and misery, a career full of daring and timidity, of vague hopes and certain disappointments.

The genius who, young and penniless, does not feel his heart throb in first presenting himself to a master, is wanting in some subtle feeling, some inexplicable touch of nature, a certain reverence for his work, a power of poetic expression. Self-confident egoists, certain of their future and of themselves, are men of genius only to fools. The young unknown seemed possessed of real merit,—if talent is to be measured by timidity, by that indefinable self-distrust which those destined to glory learn to overcome in the exercise of their talent, as handsome women lose their prudery in the practice of coquetry. Habitual triumph lessens doubt, and self-distrust is, perhaps, a doubt.

Astonished and surprised at his want of confidence, the young neophyte would not have entered the studio of the painter to whom we owe the admirable portrait of Henry IV. if chance had not aided him. An old man came slowly up the stairs. The young man divined from the singularity of his costume, the magnificence of his pointed lace collar, the assurance of his walk, that he was either the patron or the friend of the painter. Drawing back to make room for the new comer, the young man eyed him closely, hoping to find in his face either the good humor of an artist, or the easy good nature of one who loved the arts; but there was a diabolic expression in his countenance, and that nameless something which instantly repels an artist.

I imagine a round, high, bald-head, made more conspicuous by a small bridgeless nose, turned up at the end like that of Rabelais or Socrates; a laughing and wrinkled mouth; a short chin; a pointed grey beard; and greenish eyes dulled by age, but which from the contrast with the clear white, could at times glow under the influence of anger or enthusiasm. The face was singularly withered by age, and still more by the thoughts which exhaust the body as well as the mind. The eyes had no lashes, and traces of eyebrows were hardly visible. Place this head upon a slight body, surround it with a fluted lace collar of dazzling whiteness, throw over the black mantle a heavy gold chain, and you have a perfect picture of the personage whose fantastic appearance was heightened by the dim light on the staircase. You would have called him a picture of Rembrandt's, walking silent and frameless in the dark background, peculiar to the master. The old man glanced sharply at the youth, struck three loud knocks at the door, and said to a man, about forty, who opened it, "Good day, master." Porbus bowed respectfully, and supposing that they came together, allowed the young man to enter, troubling himself less about him, as he continued absorbed in the sensation which overcomes a painter born, when he first enters a studio and has revealed to him some of the mysteries of the art. The studio of master Porbus was lighted from the roof. The light was concentrated upon an unfinished canvas on the easel, and fully lighted every corner of the large room. Some reflected rays glanced from the armor suspended on the walls, lit up the carved and waxed cornice of an old press, loaded with curious utensils, and glittered from the folds of some heavy gold brocade arranged as a study. Plaster casts of figure fragments and torsos of the goddesses of antiquity, polished by the loving kisses of time, were crowded upon the tables and stands. Countless sketches, studies with three crayons, in sepia or with the pen, covered the walls up to the ceiling. Boxes of color, bottles of oil and extracts, and reversed canvases, left only a narrow passage up to the bright light which fell from the skylight full upon the pale face of Porbus, and the white bald-head of the singular old man. The young man was soon entirely absorbed by a picture which, even in those times of trouble and revolution, had become famous, and which was, even then, visited by some of those enthusiasts to whom we owe the preservation of the sacred flame during those grievous times. This was a beautiful picture of Mary in Egypt, paying a boatman for her passage. This master-piece, painted for Marie de Médicis, was sold by her in her poverty.

"Your saint pleases me," said the old man to Porbus, "and I will give you for it ten crowns more than the Queen will."

"You think it is well done?"

"Well done!" said the old man; "yes and no. Your good woman is not badly dressed, but she don't live. You painters generally think you have done everything, when you have drawn a figure correctly, and put the limbs in their places, according to the rules of anatomy. You color this outline with a flesh-tint mixed beforehand on your palette, taking care to keep one side darker than the other; and because you look every now and then upon a naked model, you think you have copied nature, and flatter yourselves you are painters, and have caught God's secret. Bah! To be a great poet needs more than a thorough knowledge of syntax, and a freedom from grammatical mistakes. Look at your saint, Porbus. At the first glance, she seems admirable; but at the second, you see that she is painted on canvas, that you cannot walk round her body. She is a profile, with only a single side, a figure cut in halves, a figure which can neither turn nor change its position. I cannot feel the atmosphere between this arm and the landscape of the picture; space and distance are wanting: nevertheless, the perspective is all right, the gradation of tint is exactly observed; but, despite the praiseworthy attempt, I could not believe that this beautiful body was animated with the warm breath of life. It seems to me, that if I should touch that throat, so round and firm, I should find it cold as marble. No, my friend; no blood courses under that ivory skin; the rosy stream of life does not swell the purple veins which interlace under the transparent amber of her temples and her chest. This bit is alive, but that is motionless; life and death contend in each detail; here she is a woman, there a statue, there a corpse. Your creation is incomplete; you could infuse only a portion of your soul into your cherished work. The promethean touch was more than once extinguished in your hand, and many parts in your picture were never touched by the celestial flame.

"But why, my dear master?" said Porbus, respectfully to the critic, while the young man could hardly restrain a strong desire to strike him.

"Ah, see! you have wavered undecided between the two systems—between drawing and coloring, between the minute work and hard precision of the German masters, and the glowing ardor and happy abundance of the Italians. You have wished to imitate at once Hans Holbein and Titian, Albert Durer and Paul Veronese. To be sure, that is a noble ambition. But what is the result? You have neither the severe charm of correctness, nor the magic deceptions of light and shade. Here, like a molten bronze that shivers the weak mold, the rich coloring of Titian destroys the hard outline of Durer. In other places, the outline has repressed and restrained the rich extravagance of the Venetian palette. Your figure is neither perfectly drawn nor perfectly colored, and shows all over it the traces of this unhappy indecision. If you did not feel the fire of your genius strong enough to melt and fuse together the two rival styles, you should have chosen frankly either one or the other, so as to have that unity which is a necessity of excellence. You are true only in the half-tints. Your shadows are false; they do not envelop and show substance behind them. There is truth here," said the old man, in pointing to the chest of the saint, "and here," pointing to the shoulder; "but there," returning to the throat, "all is false. Don't let us analyse; to do so would make you despair."

The old man sat down on a stool, rested his head in his hands, and was silent.

"Master," said Porbus, "I studied that neck from nature carefully;—but, unhappily, there are three effects of nature which cannot be rendered on canvas."

"The mission of art is not to copy nature, but to express her. You are not a vile copyist, but a poet," cried the old man, suddenly interrupting with a gesture of command. "If it were not so, a sculptor would be done with his labors, in taking the cast of a woman. But try it. Take a cast from the hand of your mistress; place it before you: you will find it a horrible corpse without any resemblance, and you will be forced to resort to the chisel of an artist who, without exactly copying it, will give you its movement and its life. We have to seize the spirit, the soul, the expression of beings and things. The effects! the effects! they are only the accidents of life, not life itself. A hand, since I have taken that example, is not only a part of a body; it expresses and continues a thought, which must be seized and rendered. Neither the poet, painter, nor sculptor, should separate the effect from the cause; the two are inseparably bound together. This is the real difficulty; many painters, though ignorant of this object of art, succeed instinctively. You paint a woman, but you do not see her before you; it is not so that we can force Nature to surrender her secrets.

"Thoughtlessly your hand reproduces the model which you copied in your master's studio. You do not descend to a profound knowledge of form; you do not seek it with sufficient love and perseverance through all its turns and wanderings. Beauty is shy and difficult of access; she does not allow herself to be thus reached; one must wait her own hours, watch for her, and hold her fast when caught, in order to make her surrender. Form is a Proteus,—much more difficult to be caught, and more fertile in escapes, than the Proteus in the fable; it is only after long combats that we can force him to show his real figure. You painters generally content yourselves with the first appearance he gives you, or with the second, or the third; it was not thus that the victorious wrestlers contended. Those unconquerable painters did not allow themselves to be deceived by such appearances, they persevered until Nature was forced to show herself bare, and in her naked truth.

"It was thus that Raphael worked," said the old man, lifting his black velvet bonnet to express his reverence for the king of art; "his superiority comes from the hidden meaning which in all he does seems eager to break through the mere expression. The expression in his figures is what it is with us, a means for conveying his ideas, his feelings, the whole of poetry. Every face is a world, a portrait of a divine vision, painted with light, designed by the soul, drawn by a heavenly hand, which evolves the sources of its expression from the whole of a past life. You give your women beautiful bodies, splendid draperies of hair; but where is the blood which causes passion or repose? Your saint is a brunette; but this touch, my dear Porbus, shows her a blonde. Your faces are pale phantoms, which you color, and call that painting and art. Because you have made something which resembles a woman more than a house, you think you have reached the limits of art, and are proud of not being obliged to write under your pictures *currus venustus*, or *pulcher Asmo*, as the first painters were,—you imagine yourselves wonderful artists. Ah! my brave companions, you are not yet such; you have still to use many a crayon, make many a study, before you become such. To be sure, a woman carries her head in that way, wears her robe thus; her eyes languish and close with that air of sweet resignation; the moving shadows float thus upon her cheeks. It is so, but that is not all. What is wanting? Something, but that something is everything. You paint the appearance of life; but you do not express its entireness, that something which is perhaps the soul, and which seems to mysteriously envelope the body—that spirit of life which Titian and Raphael had caught. Setting out from the excellence to which you have arrived, one might become a great painter; but you weary too quickly. The vulgar admire, but the true connoisseur smiles. Oh, Mabuse! oh, my master!" added this singular person, "you are a thief, you carried away with you the secret of life! But," he resumed, "this picture is better than any of that cheat Rubens', with his mountains of Flemish flesh, daubed with vermilion, his masses of red hair, and his confusion of tints. At least you have color, sentiment, and design, the three essentials of art."

"But this picture is sublime, my dear sir," cried the young man recovering from his reverie. "These two figures, the saint and the boatman, show a subtlety of invention unknown to the Italians: I do not know one of them who could have suggested the indecision of the boatman.

"Is this a friend of yours?" said Porbus to the old man.

"Pardon my boldness, master," said the young man, blushing. "I am unknown, by instinct a dabbler with color, and but lately arrived in this city."

"To work," said Porbus, giving him a red crayon and a sheet of paper.

The young man sketched the face of the Mary.

"Pray," said the old man, "what is your name?"

The young man wrote at the bottom of his sketch: Nicholas Poussin.

"That is not bad for a commencement," said the singular personage, who had discovered so foolishly. "I see that we can talk of painting before you. I do not blame you for having admired Porbus' saint. It is a masterpiece for the world at large—only those initiated in the arcana of art can see wherein it fails. But since you are worthy of the lesson, and able to comprehend it, I will show you how little is necessary to perfect this work. Be all eyes, and attention; so good an opportunity for learning may never occur to you again. Porbus, give me your palette."

Porbus handed him the palette and brushes. The little old man turned back his sleeves impatiently, passed his thumb through the palette, charged with color, and snatched, rather than received, a handful of brushes of various sizes.

In loading his pencil with color, he muttered between his teeth: "These tints should be thrown out of the window, with the mixer of them; their rawness and falseness are disgusting. How can I paint with them?" Then he rapidly dipped the point of his brush in the various dabs of color—sometimes going through them all, more rapidly than the cathedral organist runs over his keys, in playing the "O Filii." Porbus and Poussin stood motionless on either side of the picture, wrapped in the most diligent attention.

"Do you not see, young man," said the painter, without turning, "how with three or four touches, and a little bluish glaze, we can make the air circulate about the head of this poor saint, who would have suffocated in that thick atmosphere? See how this drapery floats now, and how evidently it is the wind that moves it! Before, it looked as though it were starched and supported with pins. Remark how the smooth glow that I add to the chest gives the elastic plumpness of a young girl's skin, and how the tint of mixed reddish-brown and burnt-ochre, warms the cold grey of that shadow, where the blood stagnated, rather than circulated! Young man, young man, what I show you here, no master could teach you! Mabuse alone possessed the secret of painting life. Mabuse never had but one pupil, and I am he. I never had any, and I am old. You have enough intelligence to design the rest from what I have shown you."

Even while speaking, the strange old man kept touching various parts of the picture—here two strokes of the brush, there one; but always so just, that you would have said his colors were mixed with light. He worked with such passionate zeal that great drops of sweat gathered on his forehead; he touched so rapidly, impatiently, nervously, that to young Poussin it seemed as though a demon possessed this singular body, and moved the hands against the volition of the man. The supernatural gleam of his eyes, the convulsive motions which seemed the effect of his resistance, gave an appearance of truth to this idea, which appealed so strongly to a young imagination. The old man went on. "Ah! ah! how buttery that is! but watch! young man, how my little touches will make this cold tone glow. Let us go on," said he, in retouching the parts where he had noticed a want of spirit, and removing by touches of color the differences of temperament, and giving to the saint that unity of feeling which became a warm-blooded Egyptian woman. "You see it is only the last stroke of the brush which counts. Porbus has given a hundred; I have given only one. Nobody can tell what is under it. Learn that thoroughly.

At length the demon stopped, and turning to Porbus and Poussin, who were mute with admiration, said:

"That is not so good as my 'Belle Noiseuse.' A painter might sign such a picture without fear. Yes, I will sign it," said he, in rising, and taking a glass with which to look at it. "Now let us go to breakfast; come to my house, both of you. I will give you ham and good wine. Despite the times, we will talk of painting. We are strong. Here is a young fellow," said he, slapping Nicholas Poussin on the shoulder, "who has facility."

Perceiving, then, the wretchedness of his coat, he took from his belt a leather purse, and taking out two gold pieces and handing them to him, said, "I buy a picture from you."

"Take the money," said Porbus to Poussin, who blushed and drew back with the pride of poverty; "he is worth the ransom of a couple of kings."

The three descended the stairs, and talking of art, walked together until they came to a fine wooden house, near the Bridge Saint Michel, the ornaments, the knocker, the window frames, the arabesques of which astounded Poussin. The future painter found himself, on entering, in a large room, before a good fire, near a table spread with tempting meats, and by an unheard of good fortune, in the society of two great artists, full of good nature.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

— The following is from the *London Critic* of Sept. 3d.: "Now that the sale of Lord Northwick's pictures has concluded, after realising a sum little short of £100,000, the question arises, 'How many works of art out of the vast number thus offered to public competition have been secured for our National Gallery?' We are sorry to be obliged to answer that the number is very small indeed—five only, so far as we have been able to ascertain, out of about fifteen hundred. The list is as follows: No. 565. Girolamo da Treviso, 'The Virgin seated on a Throne,' etc., an altar-piece, and certainly a very fine picture, purchased for £472 10s. No 578. Giulio Romano, 'The Birth of Jupiter,' a genuine picture by the master, but meretricious in its treatment, £920. 1087. Moretto da Brescia, 'The Glorification of the Virgin,' justly styled 'a noble picture,' £577 10s. 1127. Masaccio, 'His own Portrait,' the same that was exhibited at Manchester, and an exquisite specimen of the master, £108 3s. 1114. Terburg, 'A full Portrait of a Gentleman in Black.' This picture, after hanging in the exhibition room at Messrs. Graves's for about five years, without attracting any notice from the authorities at the National Gallery, was purchased by Lord Northwick for 15gs., and at his sale was bought for the National Gallery for the comparatively large sum of £68 5s. With this the list of the National Gallery purchases ends. But why were not some of the other fine things in the collection secured likewise for the English public? Why was that magnificent picture by Garofalo, 'The Stoning of St. Stephen,' allowed to pass into private hands without an effort on the part of Sir Charles Eastlake to obtain it for the nation? It was sold for only £1606 10s. a sum which we have been told is far below its value. We have been told also that Sir Charles Eastlake's attention had been strongly drawn to it, but that, upon being pressed to give a commission for it for the National Gallery, he replied that he knew where there was as good a one to be had. We feel almost inclined to dare him to produce it. Other pictures, too, there were by Bronzino, Vander Capella, Camphuysen, Vander Heyden, etc., which might have been obtained for comparatively small sums for the National Gallery, but which have been allowed unaccountably to pass into private collections, from which it is doubtful whether they will ever emerge."

— Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley, the English gentleman who came to this country, as he says, to "fraternalize the dogs and sportsmen of the two nations," and who was so badly treated by extortionate baggage-masters in respect of the former brutes, is sick at Fort Riley, of brain fever, induced by intense mental suffering.

LA FILLE BIEN GARDEE.

(AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.)

No, Edith, I have got no briefs—I want no briefs at all;
I want to know that you're come back, and safe at Shirley Hall;
And till I get a note from you, announcing that return,
I've neither head nor heart for Chitty, Bogden, Hayes, or Pearne.

Your letter speaks about "hard work," and "rising at the bar;"
I read it, Edith, at my window, smoking a cigar;
And I'm to work while you're away!—a likely thing indeed!
Yes, I'm in one Assizes case,—that one in *Adam Bede*.

You can believe, or disbelieve me, Edith, as you please,
A fellow's work's all bosh unless a fellow's mind's at ease;
And studying Cross Remainders Over is no use, I fear,
While you're in France, and I'm a cross remainder over here.

Don't, Edith, write about myself; I want to hear of you,
And what you're doing day by day, and also how you do;
And whether Mrs. Armington (whom I don't like, and shan't)
Is really acting like a friend, or only like an aunt;

And takes you, Edith, everywhere, and shows you what to see,
And in society performs what's due to you—and me;
Nor, while her own long girls are push'd wherever she can get,
Permits you to be talk'd to by the billiard-playing set.

And, Edith, as she's full of spite (she is, from wig to toes,
And hates me for that harmless sketch that show'd her Roman nose);
Inform me if those vicious insendos she contrives,
And talks at briefless barristers, and pities poor men's wives.

Or if she ever gives you, Edith darling, half a hint
(There's nothing that a woman wouldn't do with such a squint),
That I've been fast, and people say, "who really ought to know,"
That at getting briefs and paying bills alone they think I'm slow;

Or talks of our engagement in a way that isn't kind,
Makes it, at pic-nics, an excuse for leaving you behind;
And draws, that cold old lip of hers maliciously upcurl'd,
"Of course, engaged Miss Editha do not care about the world."

You'll call me such a worry, Edith, but it is not fun
To be stuck in Temple chambers when October has begun;
So pity for a lover who's condemned in town to stay,
When She—and everybody else—are off and far away.

I wander in our Gardens when the dust makes all things dim,
The gardener tells me not to smoke, but much I care for him;
And Paper Buildings, Edith, in a sketch by fancy drawn,
Grows an old baronial mansion, with the grass-plat for its lawn;

The Thames, its lake; myself, its Lord (his income, lucky chance,
Exactly fifty thousand pounds paid yearly in advance);
Then at the eastern turret a sweet form is conjur'd up,
And Edith waves a kerchief white, and calls me in—to sup.

Well, bless you, Edith. When you sail'd, I put aboard your ship
Vanity Fair, by Thackeray, and my dear old Hound, by Grip;
And to no girl her destiny more sure protection sends,
Than such a dog to bite her foes, such book to bite her friends.

Once a Week.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

WAITING FOR THE WHISTLE.

Many are the tribulations of those who travel by railroad, and not the least among them is the delay upon the less frequented routes, occasioned by the want of connection between different roads. I am well aware that in comparison with the horrors caused by defective bridges and culverts, this is a trifle light as air; but nevertheless, considered per se, it is sufficiently annoying.

A short time since, I found myself deposited at a dreary New England station, with the information that the next train would pass in six hours. I was totally unprepared for such an emergency, for I had no books, no friends, and, as our neighbors of the thirty-million island express it, with a tropical luxuriance of negative, "no nada." I employ myself at first in pacing the platform and meditating upon the flight of time, and then look at the clock in the station-house, which informs me that I have still five hours and forty-five minutes to wait. I observe that there is another victim, a placid old lady, with great round spectacles and very blue fingers, who is already engaged in knitting with what appear to be small crowbars. Her stocking is violent in color, tremendously ribbed, not to say corrugated, or fluted like an Ionic column, and is the largest I ever beheld. I admire the philosophy of the old lady, and the colossal proportions of the stocking, and wonder what son of Anak will *ever* wear it.

I proceed to examine the walls of the room, which are covered with placards, announcing the merits of patent medicines. I read them all carefully, and discover that an astonishing number of clergymen are benefitted thereby. I flatter myself that I am now thoroughly informed in the matter of labels, and am in a position to detect instantly the counterfeit from the genuine. I find some names that are deeply mysterious, such as "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," and "POMADE PHILOCOME." I observe "JONES'S INSTANT EXTERMINATOR," and am in doubt whether to exterminate myself or somebody else. I ask myself if I am in want of vermifuge, and decide immediately in the negative. After I have taken in all the medicines (mentally), I look at certain railroad maps, and perplex my mind with the various advantages of rival routes to the West, and then I look at the clock. Alas! I have only gained twenty minutes.

I wander about in a disconsolate way for some moments, when I am relieved by a "distraction." A locomotive has suddenly appeared, and I go out to look at the monster. I find him taking a huge, but frugal, repast of wood and water, interspersed with large doses of bark, while a good Samaritan is pouring oil into his joints. I admire his great capacity and high state of polish, and observe that his name is "HERCULES," and that he has a small plaster cast of the infant Samuel on his front. I cannot quite see the connection between that young divinity student and the demi-god, but I suppose it is all correct. The monster finishes his dinner, and places himself upon the platform, where he is being turned around by Milesian power at the crank. Now the infant Samuel is praying like a young Gheber, with his face to the East, and now he faces due North. But here Hercules puzzles me, for he seems utterly wanting in dignity: he starts furiously away, as if nothing short of a hundred miles would satisfy him, but after going a few yards, he stops suddenly, and comes back on another track; then he seizes hold of a quiet baggage-car and carries it madly on a third track, where he leaves it, and comes back again, and then rushes in the opposite direction and returns; and altogether acts in such an imbecile and vacillating way, that I am quite ashamed of him, and transfer my admiration to the switcher, or switchman, or whatever he is called, who seems to fully comprehend all this intricate maze. I look at this man with infinite respect, and think he must possess considerable mathematical powers. I firmly believe that he can even understand a wind and current chart.

At length my friend Hercules is quiet, and I return to the house, where there is a new attraction. I observe that a species of trap-door has been opened, disclosing a counter with refreshments, over which presides a youthful maiden, who possesses a sort of "beauté du Diable," combined with an utter want of sweetness of expression, which is a very common type of face in Yankee land. Her features are thin, but well formed, and strongly marked—not exactly "chiselled"—(I believe no features of mere flesh and blood ever are, or could be "chiselled," without the most disastrous results.) Her hair is a warm, not to say hot auburn, twisted into ringlets of a most rigid and pertinacious spiral, and her face expresses that contempt for her species, which is sometimes observable in railroad officials of every grade. She favors me with a song, wherein I am informed that she is "Queen of a fair-hairy band."

Her voice does not altogether please me. It combines the sweetness of the parrot, with the grace and flexibility of the owl; but to use a forcible, if not elegant expression, it is "squawky." I retire from the presence until the song is finished, and then I return and purchase some refreshments for the sake of beguiling a few moments. I find a glass jar of octogenarian apples, which I decline, and select some fossiliferous gingerbread, some candy, and an extremely flexible cigar. I tender the necessary copper, which the maiden accepts scornfully, and then retire to a remote corner to examine my treasure. I commence with the candy, which appears to be coated with something of an earthy nature; but as I progress into the interior, it becomes more salubrious. In the next place, I attack the gingerbread; but as I have some regard for my teeth, I immediately desist, and go out and place it upon the rail in front of the locomotive, as a new labor for Hercules—not without some fear lest he should be thrown from the track. My apprehensions are unfounded—the gingerbread is crushed, and I am inspired with a new respect for Hercules. Then I proceed, with some difficulty, to light my flexible cigar and after one whiff, I throw it away, with as near an approach to profanity as my gentle nature and careful moral training will permit.

I look mournfully at the clock, and discover that I have still four hours more upon my hands. I find that my opinions of men and things are fast altering, for I now recall, with tender emotion, certain individuals of my acquaintance, whom, in happier moments, I was wont to designate as bores. I am fast getting desperate, and ready for anything. I think I could read, with complacency, an American comic journal. I am not sure that I could not even sit and listen to the whole of Pizarro. I pick up a scrap of newspaper, and find it contains, as I expected, a description of the Oviedo jewels. I think I will write something, and hesitate whether to commence a life of Jefferson, or like most of the poets, to make an attack upon that helpless young gentleman upon his back, known as Prometheus; but I can find no paper for either purpose, and the world suffers a loss.

Then I reflect upon the erroneous views of the hours—entertained by Guido and others. Instead of rather heavy-footed damsels, dancing blythesomely upon nothing in particular, they should have been depicted as snails or farm-horses, and other creeping things.

I feel it necessary to renew my stock of patience, so I go and look again at the placid old lady, who is still at work upon the mighty stocking; and then I take a walk, but as it has not pleased heaven to make me either a botanist, or a mineralogist, I grow weary of the desolate country, and return to the station, where, upon the platform, I find a pile of luggage, which I proceed to examine. Most of it is commonplace and uninteresting, but I observe a quaint old hair trunk, with mediæval handles, and a barbaric expanse of keyhole, which undoubtedly belongs to our lady of the blue fingers. There is a bald spot upon it, where the hair on the side of the horse who furnished the covering has been worn away by chain traces; and I meditate upon the career of this unfortunate animal until the subject is exhausted—which is not long. I discover a sea-chest, with a certain air of circumnavigation about it, together with a neat man-o'-war clothes-bag, and a hammock, skilfully rolled, so as to display the clews coquettishly. I am interested in this, and enter the house, where, by the freemasonry of the craft, I at once recognize the owner, a quiet young man, probably a second mate, with no outward indication of his trade except a certain carelessness of attire, and a very heavy overcoat, which all second mates wear at all times, and in all places. This man has perhaps visited almost every port in the world, and his whole life may have been a tissue of romance; yet he is shy and unobtrusive, and, unlike the hero of a late novel by Mr. Charles Read, he neither shivers his topsails or his timbers. In fact, I doubt if in the whole course of his life (apart from his professional duties) he has ever uttered as much nautical lingo as Mr. David Dodd contrives to introduce into an hour's conversation with two young ladies.

In striking contrast to this silent son of Neptune, there is an individual arrayed in the highest style of sartorial embellishment, and wearing earrings, who is narrating his adventures to a party of admiring and open-mouthed rustics. I listen to his ultramarine and rather Munchausenish "yarns," from which I learn that he is attached to a coasting schooner upon Long Island Sound. Like all tyros in the profession he is dreadfully "salt," and seasons his discourse with the combined beauties of Commodore Trunnion, Admiral Benbow, and the whole of Chelsea hospital. One would think he belonged to the old pigtail school, and had fed upon tar from his youth upward.

I grow weary of his tremendous epithets, and go out into the air, where danger awaits me. I see a train of carriages approaching, and in a moment I am surrounded by any number of country girls. I learn that they are attending a newly-married pair upon an extensive bridal tour of ten miles to the next station. The bride is white and gauzy and interesting, and the other party is uneasy and painfully well-dressed, as I suppose is customary upon such occasions. It so happens that the blissful swain is an acquaintance of mine, and I proceed to congratulate him, not exactly as they do in farces, by wishing him many happy returns of the day, but I have no doubt in some equally inappropriate manner. During the next quarter of an hour I am being presented to a succession of blooming damsels. I count thirteen of them, and then my senses fail me, and I "hold my breath for a time."

When I recover, I attempt to converse with some of them, but with indifferent success; and at last I ignominiously retreat to the "gentleman's room," so called. Here I find several natives who appear to frequent this place with an insane idea of amusement. I examine them, but find little to interest me. I fancy I can discover the effect of the railroad upon them; they are all more or less contaminated by city influences; every man of them wears an Oak Hall coat; and they do not even designate the time in the good old way, by guessing it is about two hours *before sundown*; but state in a precise and official manner that it is 4.25. I observe one of them who wears very short pantaloons, which I have found to be generally the sign of an inquisitive disposition. I am not mistaken in my theory; he begins to question me, and I resign myself to him, body and soul. I am fascinated by him, and submit to be cross-examined like a witness until he has pumped me dry. I have no longer any family secrets; he is in possession of my past career, my present condition, and my future prospects. At last there is a lull, and I flatter myself that he has "asked all the questions there are;" but I am mistaken. He only pauses to bite off a chew of tobacco, as the sailors say, "as big as a horse's lip from his eye down." I avail myself of the

opportunity and begin to question him, but I can derive but little satisfaction. His life seems to have been a blank; I can only learn that the old vampire comes to this place every day to fatten upon unfortunate travellers. Heaven knows how he spent his time before the station-house was built. He recommences in full vigor, and I despair of release. But here a rosy round-faced boy comes in, bringing a great gush of vitality with him, which proves to be the son of my grand inquisitor; and while his attention is diverted I effect my escape.

At last the hour of my deliverance is at hand: there are cheering indications; officials are bustling about; the ticket-office is opened, and a conductor suddenly springs into being, who is eagerly questioned, and makes answer, — "short, sharp, and decisive." Every face brightens and looks eagerly expectant. Presently the sweet tones of the whistle are heard; my friend Hercules appears, and at last, oh rapturous moment! I am seated in the cars, and he is rushing with me into the busy world.

W. H. F.

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The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr., Editor

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 29, 1859.

BOOK-NOTICES.

We owe an apology to the Book-publishers.

They have sent to us books without end; and yet, beyond a prompt acknowledgment of them in our List of Books Received, we have rarely taken any notice of them.

Our reasons for this can be given in a few words.

We cannot for a moment consent that the book-notices in THE SATURDAY PRESS should be uniformly favorable, and the few unfavorable ones that we have printed have cost us already (in a single year) at least a thousand dollars, besides the ill-will of several "enterprising publishers."

The wisest course, therefore, seemed to be to drop that department altogether, or, at any rate, not to renew it, until the paper becomes rich enough to say what it pleases, and take the consequences.

This is the policy that we have virtually adopted, though there is no telling how soon we may be reckless enough to depart from it.

But there is one other consideration to be mentioned.

As for personally reading and criticising the books sent to us — or the hundredth part of them — it is out of the question; while as for having a competent person to read and criticise them for us, we cannot afford to do it, and if we could, are by no means certain that any such person is to be found.

Indeed, we had some notion of writing to Wendell Phillips, to ask him if Criticism were not one of the "Lost Arts."

The ordinary style of book-notices would be as distasteful to the readers of THE SATURDAY PRESS as to ourselves.

Fancy, for example, our printing such a critique as the following, from a late number of the *N. Y. Times*:

Appleton publishes the poems of Anne Whitney. Few of them are very stirring, but the drapery of her lines always snugly wraps some delicate fancy or thought that it is profitable to entertain hospitably. Sometimes if the fancy be drawn out of the sea of her flowing verse, and exposed like a jelly-fish stranded on the beach, it loses shape and consistence, and evaporates; but while it survives, markings of pearl and gems and all brilliant colors are reflected from it in the sun.

Or the following from the same paper:

Whoever relishes satire so keen that it strikes in to the bone of the merry reader before he feels that he is hit, flute-like melody, skillful rhyme and rhythm so ready and easy that it would seem a greater struggle for the poet to have written in prose instead, will feel personally obliged to Mr. Redfield for his two cerebral volumes composing a new and enlarged edition of the poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed.

Or the following from the *Home Journal*:

J. E. Tilton & Co. have just issued a very readable book, printed with exquisite neatness, which will have a legion of readers. It is "Germaine," from the French of Edmund About, whose "Roman Question" has excited no small attention. The story, characters, situations, and sentiment in "Germaine," are eminently French. The plot is well developed, and every personage—from *Germaine* and *Madame Chermidy* down to the *Duke* and *Mathieu Monkouz*—bears the impress of reality. We shall not say what the plot is, for that would forestall the reader's interest, but say only that "Germaine" is full of varied interest. The translation, most spirited and faithful, is by Mary L. Booth.

Or any of the usual twaddle about "spirited publishers," "gifted and accomplished authors," etc., etc., all paid for directly or indirectly at so much a line, and dear at the price.

There is hardly a journal in the country whose book notices, as a rule, are fit to be read, or are intended to be read, by intelligent persons. They are got up merely as an indirect pay for advertisements, and consequently, with just exceptions enough to disguise the trick, are framed so as to tickle the palate of the too easily titillated publisher or author.

In many instances the publisher can write his own notices and have them inserted without note or comment. This, in fact, is often done; and more than one publisher has had the kindness to send such notices, all nicely printed, capitalized, italicised, *etc.*, to THE SATURDAY PRESS and had his labor for his pains.

The provincial papers have a number of very shrewd dodges, and among others that of having a "New York Correspondent," who puts himself in connection with the leading book-publishers, and, with a view to secure their advertising patronage, inserts in his New York Letter, for the delectation of the rural and unsuspecting reader, whatever they see fit to send him.

And this system is carried on unblushingly. For instance, a number of a Boston paper was recently sent to several publishing houses in this city, with the following printed circular wafered on its New York letter:

[PRIVATE.]

OFFICE OF THE BOSTON ——, }
Oct. 25, 1859. }

Any information relative to your business, similar to that enclosed in the letter, will be embraced in future letters from our correspondent, if sent to Box —— New York Postoffice.

Now if the booksellers or public want book-notices got up in this way, all we can say is that they can't have them in THE SATURDAY PRESS.

Nor can they have any notices to speak of, until such time as we can afford both to have them properly prepared, and to be indifferent as to their effect on our advertising columns.

Another dodge,—metropolitan as well as provincial,—is that of the volunteer correspondent or critic, who in order to enlarge his private library, or to add directly to his pecuniary resources, receives books from too-willing publishers on condition that he will write puffs of them in some one or more city or country papers, which in that way get literary articles that cost as little as they are worth.

The Eastern and Southern papers are full of such stuff.

Furthermore, there is a class of disreputable persons who levy blacknail on booksellers by agreeing to puff their publications for a consideration, and threatening in the absence of that consideration, to pitch into them.

Even this class has access to respectable papers,—and papers virtually cognizant of the facts of the case.

What wonder at this, when for a thousand-dollar advertisement you can make the most moral paper in the union change its opinion, and recommend the vilest of literary trash to its readers.

In fact, it has come to be understood that in the matter of books, magazines, newspapers, etc., all a publisher has to do in order to have his wares pronounced to be the best in the market, is to pay enough money for it.

What an opinion this must give the publishers of our craft!

The only consoling fact in the case is that the game is nearly played out; if it were not, we should fear for THE SATURDAY PRESS, which, after all, is mortal, and might in a few years sell its columns as readily as any other paper to the first literary or other quack who might come along.

Meanwhile it is important to observe, that we render the booksellers a greater service every week than has been rendered to them by any other journal in the country. This we do by publishing regularly on the fourth page of our paper, a complete list of all the new publications of the week, as well as of all publications announced as in press or in preparation.

And this we do without money and without price, although it is by far the most troublesome and most expensive department of the paper.

What tribute equal to this was ever offered by the newspaper-press to the book trade? What recognition of the importance of that trade was ever so hearty or so useful?

We pay the booksellers the compliment of considering their business as important a branch of commerce as the sale of pork and putty, and quite as deserving of being reported.

What other journal ever did anything of the kind?

Not one.

We publish every week from two to three columns of matter, made up exclusively of the titles, prices, size, etc., of books, nearly every line of which is an advertisement, and a gratuitous advertisement, for some publisher.

If this isn't our share of tribute to the book-trade, what would be?

THE INDIVIDUALITY OF GENIUS.

Poetry, Painting, and Sculpture, form a kind of Trinity of Imagination, and are the offspring of inspired genius. Imagination is one of those eccentric nymphs that degenerate if forced to follow systematic and mathematical paths; and she exhibits most grace when allowed to dance her own spontaneous measures. The worst foe of literature and art is hero-worship,—that enthusiasm concerning certain kings of thought, which, in its veneration for the old, almost proscribes true originality in the new. From this tyranny, Poetry and Sculpture are, perhaps, the greatest sufferers. All absorbed in admiration for Homer, Milton, and Dante, Phidias, Angelo, and Giotto, our modern poets and sculptors seek first for a Homeric or a Phidian basis for their structures, rather than following inspiration in all its freedom.

This fact is most distinctly to be remarked in modern ARCHITECTURE. Originality seems to have nothing to do with the designing of our finest buildings. We pay a blind homage to all that is classical; and what is classical is imagined to be from necessity great and noble. A poor imitation of the Parthenon gains more admiration than an original design would, though it were more beautiful than the Parthenon itself. So long as we keep this exclusive respect for the ancients, we are only prolonging the existence of one of our favorite subjects of lamentation, viz, the inferiority of the modern. In fact, the modern always will be inferior to the ancient while its endeavors to equal it are confined to mere servile imitation. The error lies in our adulation of the production, rather than the conception. When we see a statue of rare merit, we confine our admiration to the beauties and graces of the face and figure, instead of bestowing it upon the splendid thought, the fine inspiration, that carved that statue in the mind of the sculptor. Thus, in architecture, it is the temple or the citadel we are enraptured with, and therefore it is that which we strive to imitate. This thirst for successful plagiarism naturally tends to fetter the workings of inspiration, and turn the eyes of ambition from the future to the past. Hence, Ruskin says, our architects are no architects, but only builders.

When the great heart of humanity throbs in symphony with poetic strains, it would seem strange that an old and primitive age should dictate poetry to all ages, yet such is almost the case, and is the result of our unscrupulous homage of the classical. True, this does not so well apply to the poetry of words and thoughts, as to the poetry of the marble; yet the imitative impulse is equally alive in both. Young poets, or young aspirants for that name, are far more apt to endeavor to model their style upon that of acknowledged classics than to electrotype their own fancies. Their error consists in ascribing all the glory to the ideas and the style of the great writers, rather than to the genius that embodied them. It is, in fact, this faculty of embodying one's own emotions, this vivid electrotyping power, that constitutes the great property of genius. Every enlightened man feels within him the gush of poetic rapture, and if every man had the power of putting this rapture into articulate language, we should all be great poets. It is but few who receive this gift, and they are recognized as poets by the test of that unutterable something in the breasts of the rest of mankind. We feel that they have translated the language of the heart into the language of the tongue.

It is, then, genius that makes a poet, but a poem is the offspring of genius inspired. The poem itself is only admirable because it is in the universal language of the heart. Therefore, let the modern poet speak this language as his own heart dictates, and let it be free from the brogue of imitation. There is something startling, something of awe in a new idea, but nothing very admirable in a thousand poems whose merit consists in being written in the Homeric or the Byronic style.

Thoughts and Things.

BY ADA CLARE.

No. II.

I have seen Page's Venus, and I do not think it immodest. I know that many people differ with me in opinion, considering it to be too immoral for the human eye to gaze on, without colored spectacles, or through a black gingham veil. But how could a form so fragile, so delicate, be in anywise unchaste? Yet I will frankly admit that the Venus was quite as immodest as the white doves who drew her chariot.

There are many persons who think the human form a crime. It is only by forgetting that that form is capable of being divested of its clothes that they are able to think it other than a monster. If they could once fully realize that under their own clothes they themselves are naked, they would at once become hopeless residents of Bedlam.

I was much amused by the behavior of the ladies with whom the Dusseldorf Gallery was crowded on the occasion of my visit. Of course they did not go there to see the Venus! A sudden appreciation of the Dusseldorf Gallery had seized them simultaneously—a gallery to which, as every one knows, hundreds of new and fine pictures are added every year. Probably it was the picture of "Diana and her Nymphs," that attracted them all; else why should they have been crowded around it? I will not be so malicious as to draw conclusions from the fact that they admired that picture through the backs of their heads, and that it was placed exactly opposite the Venus.

I watched the ladies, too, as they entered. The younger ones gave it a furtive, not indignant glance over their shoulders, as they passed. The good-natured matrons trusted themselves to look at it with one eye, while others did penance for looking at it by gazing, afterwards, on some strictly religious picture. But your severe, antique maidens, whose age and Spartan virtue might have been supposed to put them beyond the danger of corrupting thoughts, glared at the opposite side of the room, with that slaughtering look in their eyes that convinced me that they would have gladly undertaken to stone Page with their own hands, for the unpardonable sin of suggesting that a woman may be young, handsome, and seductive.

But I cannot think this Venus, with the exception of the extreme purity of the form, a work of high art. The face is not even pretty. It is a face that indicates to me bad grammar, and an antipathy to bathing, which, in Venus, to say the least, would be very inconvenient. If that hair is golden, what do the story-writers mean when they speak of carrotty locks?

While I gazed upon this picture, a question of deep moment suggested itself to my mind, and I have not yet been able to solve it. It is this: If the *Herald's* suggestion, that the Venus on exhibition outstepped the lines of modesty, caused such an influx of ladies to the Gallery, what multitudes would have flown there, in case there had been a hint that an immodest Apollo was to be seen? This is not a conundrum, but a subject for serious scientific consideration.

°°°

I have had my thoughts on the late notorious wedding. I fear Miss Bartlett is not very shrewd, though the papers call her so. As if it took any shrewdness for a handsome, intelligent young woman, to captivate any elderly gentleman! I am not intending to censure her conduct. Eighty per cent. of women, and ninety-five of men, would have acted in the same way, under the same circumstances. A trap baited with four millions would catch a good shoal of souls any day, let alone bodies. Editors and Poets need not complain of it. They do what they can, with the rest of us, to set up money in the holiest places, crying "Glory be to thee in the highest!" As the world goes, four millions was a legal, proper, conventionally religious object, if not an honest and noble one. The bride's want of shrewdness consisted in parading the Oviedo man before the eyes of the public—a ceremony legally necessary to the contract, perhaps, but in reality a tedious encumbrance on the Oviedo estate. As it did not seem possible utterly to remove this incumbrance, the most sensible proceeding, it seems to me, would have been to conceal it as much as possible. The young lady might easily have married in private, sailed for Europe, and spent the Winter in Paris, after which she might have returned to America, in four-million-fold glory, completely and forever obscuring, by her fair and intellectual presence, the disparity between herself and her husband.

°°°

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." We have that on the authority of the prophets; therefore we have a right to be weary of the deferment of the Speranza.

Marie Cruvelli has not yet arrived. With regard to that artiste, I have noticed a story going the round of the journals, to the effect that she had been accustomed to star with her sister, and claiming excellence for her on that score. I was in Paris when she made her supposed début, in one of the provincial towns of France. This was some time after the marriage of her sister, and her consequent retirement from the stage. I remember that the Parisian journals spoke of her as having so fine a voice, that her sister, the illustrious Sophie, fearing her rivalry, had prevented her appearing upon the stage during her own career. Thus Marie is truly a novice, and that should only the more interest the public in her fresh and beautiful voice.

But for me the Opera is no longer a temple to worship in; its glory hath departed. They have let go by the chief among ten thousand, and altogether the grandest of them all. Of course I mean Cortesi. She, upon whom every Muse has seemed to set her seal, to give the world assurance of a genius. I can hear none other sing after her, without an emotion of passionate regret. To me, she has plucked the very soul out of music, and left it dead and colorless without her. Like Rachel, I am refusing to be comforted.

°°°

What an amount of brass it must require in the elementary constitution of the body, to plagiarize as people do in these days. The *Knickerbocker* publishes this month a story called the "White Queen," which is founded identically on a story in the *Atlantic Monthly* last Winter, supposed to be written by Miss Caroline Cheesebro', called the "Queen of the Red Chessmen." Did the author suppose the theft could pass unnoticed? What artlessness indeed!

Think of "Henry St. John, Gentleman," for a title in these days! The author has never heard of Miss Muloch's "John Halifax, Gentleman;" oh! certainly not.

Lay of the Great Eastern.

Delay.

Mean Time

The time by Trinity Church clock.

Two Bites to a Cherry.

The split in the Democratic party in Massachusetts.

The Counterfeiter's Watchword.

Never say die.

A Solar Woman.

An article in the last number of the *Home Journal* describes Madame Le Vert as a "solar woman, drawing after her a firmament of planets."

Fireman's Motto.

Water, water everywhere,
But not a drop to drink.

A Long Job.

The *Tribune*, in its issue of Oct. 25, proposes to take a "census of the hypocrites, trimmers, and natural "fools, who may have followed the Republican party "hitherto in the hope of plunder."

[For the N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS.]

PRIVATE OPINIONS PUBLICLY EXPRESSED.

VI.

DEAR PRESS,—"What's this savory mixture compounded of?" was the question with which I saluted my housekeeper—may her shadow never grow less!—as she brought an appetising pudding on the table at dinner yesterday. Whereupon she blandly replied in her usual cheerful and hearty manner: "Why, sir, if you *must* know, its made of those stale crusts and bits of bread you saw lying about the pantry, sir, the other day!" "Ah, indeed," I answered, and thanking her for her ingenuity and economy, helped myself to a large share of the fragrant pudding, and found it to taste excellently with its sweetened sauce, which might, and yet might not, have been liberally saturated with brandy.

Now I've any quantity (I don't mention the quality) of ideas, but unfortunately they are not always available. Consequently they grow stale. They lie scattered promiscuously around our intellectual pantry, for all the world like our housekeeper's bits of bread; and so I find myself compelled to construct out of them a sort of literary thought-pudding.

We hope you like the prospect, oh Able Editor; but we *must* be economical—things cannot be allowed to waste. If we could only spice in a little genuine wit to serve for sauce, we should enjoy the prospect as well as yourself; but real, unadulterated wit is scarce. She seems to have forsaken the earth, and people are simple enough when they happen to catch a glimpse of her flashing eyes, and the flutter of her sheeny garments, to think they have actually wooed and won her; but you and I know they are sadly mistaken. Hence the numberless attempts to be witty, which only prove beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the bold pretender is only a foolish wight lost in the bog of his own misty imagination. We've done anathematizing.

Gibbon has somewhere a remark to the effect that "new publications are often the sole intellectual food of the many,"—an observation which, by the way, does not hold true of us; for we doubly prefer reading a work comparatively old (two or three years are an age almost in these fast days), which bears upon it the stamp of meritorious approval, imprinted there by the hand of time, than to read something just steaming from the press, and destined to live but a short, ephemeral life, or at the utmost, drag out a seemingly successful career, buoyed up by the spasmodic aid of critical and editorial puffs. Our notions are rather antiquated, perhaps, but we hold them nevertheless. Having finished the perusal of the daily paper, by reading the astounding piece of equine information, that "Mr. Bonner has recently purchased a new mare," we took up *Lamartine's Raphael*, and read it nearly through at one sitting.

When we make the acquaintance of a person whom we have never met before, there are so many new things to be found out, so many points of contact, of agreement, or disagreement, to be enjoyed or avoided, so many tastes, opinions, and idiosyncrasies, personal habits, and modes of thinking, with which to grow familiar, that our acquaintance becomes, as it were, a continual tour of exploration, and voyage of discovery. This holds true not only of people personally, but also of them as revealed in their writings, and of the characters they portray. Thus we found it to be with Lamartine. His Raphael is finely written; the style is ornate and florid in the extreme, and glitters with rhetorical brilliancies; the incidents are few, but striking; and the whole book is a grand apotheosis of passion. We liked it, and it seemed to us not unnatural, but eminently true and faithful. The heart is not always portrayed in its own vivid colors, and even then, the world fails to recognize the portrait.

Did I see the sky last night? Certainly, Jacob, I'm a cloud-gazer, you know. The heavens were silverly mottled with numberless flaky cloudlets of milky pearls, and the soft, vapory masses reminded me of the myriads of half-visible angelic heads and wings ranged behind the Madonna in one of Raffaelle's matchless compositions. But of what earthly interest is this to you, oh Able Editor, and to thee, oh Admiring Reader! Echo answers, None! The interest is, indeed, "nowhere," and so we ramble off to something else.

This recalls the glorious rambles we've had with Jacob and Cyril this Autumn. Three of us; you see we are orthodox, and believe in trinities. Enchanting scenery have we beheld, glimpses into Nature, and through her holy ministrations, also into life and feeling. By the way, have you seen Church's Heart of the Andes? Is it not indeed "a thing of beauty," which shall be a "joy forever?" He who creates for us a picture to hang upon the wall, and become to us a piece of brightness in hours of gloom,—to muse and dream over in moments of reverie and fancy, to act as a persuasive guide leading our thoughts to nobler heights of tranquil contemplation,—deserves the laurel wreath rather than he who overturns empires, and through present ruin and carnage, thinks to secure some distant good. When the majority believe this, the word "artist" will no longer be synonymous with dauber, and Art will assume its true position. May that time be hastened! is the prayer of JASPER.

"Men who have Risen"

A book having been recently issued under the above title, Jo. Cose writes us to express his astonishment at finding no allusion in it to Dr. Dodd, the forger; Greenacre and Walmsly, the child murderers; Gibbs, the pirate; Dick Turpin the highwayman, etc., etc.

Unscriptural Use of Pearls.

A correspondent writes us that sending the SATURDAY PRESS to certain editors, is like sending pearls to Cincinnati.

The Democrat's Forlorn Hope

Harper's Ferry.

The Irrepressible Conflict.

Beecher's "Conflict of the Ages."

The Universal Profession.

That of Gold-chaser.

Change of Name.

Since the Diamond Wedding, it has been proposed that an application be made to the High Court of Love or whatever, to have the name of Cupid changed to Cupidity.

Theological.

Jo. Cose having had the question propounded to him whether he believed in "original sin," replied that, so far from it, he had found sin to be the least original thing in the whole world.

Conundrum.

Why would a printer make a good lawyer? Because he would always be sure to understand the "case."

Information Wanted.

The Charleston *Mercury* is requested to inform us what has become of the famous Canard line of steamers to run between that city and Liverpool.

Equal to Mark Tapley.

Jo. Cose, on being asked what he should do if he were banished to the woods, replied that he "thought he should split."

Advice to the Fifth Avenue Committee.

Beware of *Fourths!*

Defeated at Last.

The All England Eleven have just left the country because they found themselves incapable of making a "long stop."

Dramatic Feuilleton.

Operatic.

In spite of the pathetic appeals of my Rossinian friend of the *Dispatch*, there has been more Verdi. Colson, Ferri, Stigelli, and Rocco, in *Rigoletto*; Speranza (at last), Brignoli, and Amodio, in the *Traviata*.

Then, by way of a change, sandwiched between the two Verdi operas, we had the *Pelnito* with Gazzaniga.

Singularly enough, she has not gone to Europe, but stops here because she has got an engagement and a bad cold.

The engagement is very gratifying to everybody, but the bad cold spoiled *Pelnito*.

Think of a Christian martyr with her nose rubbed in tallow, and her feet in hot water!

Why, the wild beasts wouldn't touch her!

The *Rigoletto* performance was very fair, and gave general satisfaction. Colson improves rapidly, and is gaining an Italian method. After the *Rigoletto*, I expect she will be quite equal to the *Vespri Siciliennes*, which is a very exigeant opera. Brignoli should have sung the tenor role in Rigoletto. Stigelli has not enough voice for it; and though he sung his part in the concerted music well, failed in all the solos. Brignoli, by the way, is taking advantage of the numerous contretemps of the season, and is singing really like a bird. He gets positively interested in the *Pelnito*, and I wouldn't be at all surprised to hear that he had affiliated with the New Connection Methodists.

And now, as to La Speranza.

When people are disappointed they get in a rage, and say naughty things.

I am more philosophical. I have become quite accustomed to disappointment. From the first time I ever met the Brightest and Best up to the present moment, it has been my lot to suffer. So I took the inevitable failure of Speranza as a matter of course. Other people didn't, and she will have so many harsh things said about her in the papers that I shall not throw in my small contribution.

The truth about Speranza is that she is not yet strong enough for any such role as Violetta. Every one in the house was almost as familiar with the score as herself, and I could have selected a dozen or twenty young ladies who could have sung the solos quite as well, perhaps better. She needs study and a great deal of it.

Nevertheless this half-taught and harshly-criticised prima donna, this thin angular girl, with pretty eyes and an ugly mouth, has some signs of future success. Her higher notes are sweet, tender, and touching; and if, in the course of four or five years, her voice should be equally developed throughout its register, it will be one of the finest in the world.

So let Speranza study and take heart of grace. No campaign is lost by its first battle.

A Select Soiree.

Mr. Lacoste, a Spanish-Frenchman, announced a literary and musical Soiree at Dodworth's, last Tuesday. Mr. Lacoste, as I understand, is a Cuban who fitted himself for the French stage and acted in Paris. He declaimed several dramatic poems in the French way; which I don't think the best way, by any means. It is entirely artificial, and unless you have a Rachel to do it, a great bore. Old fogies in Paris like it, because it is a good thing to go to sleep over in their stalls at the Comédie Française.

Very few people assisted at M. Lacoste's soiree. To the subscriber, the attraction of the affair was Mrs. Brinkerhoff's singing of "The Absent One." It made the tears come in Anna Maria's eyes, and when I asked the dear girl which absent one she wept for, she replied, with charming impartiality, "All of 'em."

Laura Keene's

Election does not seem to be sure by any means. People say there's too much talk in it, and that the attempt to Americanize it is done in a half-way and clumsy manner.

I think people get about enough of politics in the daily papers. There is altogether too much for me.

In the Presence of Royalty.

I have a very extensive bone to pick with Mr. Barney Williams.

I shall be respectful to him, because he is, I understand, a rich man.

That is, he is known to have as much as a hundred dollars all at once, and no landlords, nor tailors, nor bootmakers, nor other nuisances, chasing him to take it away from him.

The other day, I was told that I injured a man's feelings very much, and that I oughtn't to do it, because his income is as much as seven thousand dollars, scot and lot, a-year.

It don't seem possible, but Mr. Barney Williams may have as much as that clear.

If he has, I hope he wont think I am personal; if he hasn't, it isn't any matter what he thinks.

As to the bone:

Mr. Williams advertises that there is no deception about one of his pieces, called, "An Hour in Seville," because it has been seen by her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, the Prince Consort, the Royal Family generally, and the "whole Court."

And he leaves me, PERSONNE, out. Among all these somebodies he omits to mention Nobody, who pays his money at the door and goes in without any fuss. But I was there, in the dirty little Adelphi, surrounded "by the whole Court." The House of Lords adjourned on purpose to see B. Williams, and I sat between two earls in full court dress. There was no end of dukes, marquises, and barons, scattered around, and it reminded me of Napoleon's mot to Talma: "Come to "Olmutz, and you shall play before a pit full of "kings."

I wonder how it is, that after such a very severe attack of aristocratic appreciation and princely patronage, the Williamses can come down to the ol polloi of this great country. Oughtn't the American Eagle to be much obliged to them?

I should think so; and, on the part of the Eagle, I will take this opportunity to return his most sincere and grateful acknowledgements.

Now they are here, let us see what they do:

Mr. Williams has played in one or two dramas written for his speciality,—the "Irish Peasant," in which he is exceedingly clever,—quite the best I ever saw, except a man named Leonard, who came here several years ago, and died in Texas of yellow fever or something. Williams is better, smoother, and more artistic than he was before he went abroad; and Mrs. Williams is wonderfully improved. She looks handsomer, acts without that unpleasant angularity which she acquired from constant caricaturing of "Yankee gals," and more than that plays in a very clever piece,—something she never had before.

"An Hour in Seville," is the title of this piece, in which Mrs. Williams achieves, in a little more than an hour, no less than ten changes of dress, all handsome, elaborate costumes, far more tasteful, beautiful, and perfect in detail than any I have ever seen out of Paris. All this is done for the mystification of an English traveller of a gallant turn of mind; and, in all verity, I can say that Mrs. Williams acts with such esprit as to make one forget the innate absurdity which all these "changing" pieces, as they are called, must possess. Mrs. Williams has come back to us a first-rate artist.

All this I judge from a "stereoscopic" view, taken from over the edges of various hats that fringed the great crowd which filled the house from top to bottom.

Instead of one, the Barney Williamses act now to about two thousand sovereigns each night.

The Retort Courteous.

The other day while that clever, but somewhat testy, Anglo-Irish tragedien Barry Sullivan, was playing at Hamlet in the Walnut street Theatre, Philadelphia, the eminent and extensive American tragedian, E. Forrest, appeared in a proscenium-box. Edwin is of the opinion that his Hamlet is the only genuine article now in the market. Edwin, likewise, has an ardent, not to say uncontrollable, affection for ye British player. Consequently, when Mr. Sullivan informed Messrs. Rosencrantz & Guildenstern that he knew a "hawk from a hern—pshaw!" (verily, a ridiculous reading) Edwin burst into the loud laugh which Mr. Goldsmith tells us "bespeaks the vacant mind." Nothing discomfited, Sullivan turned from the courtiers and spoke his next line straight at the Forrestian head. It is: "That great baby you see there is as yet hardly out of his swaddling clothes."

That was a neat hit, eh?

W. G.

Stuart's pretty little theatre is somewhat under the weather. Mr. Bourcicault is, I suppose, laying back for a spring. His benefit was a failure; another instance of public ingratitude. Mr. Bourcicault worked during the whole Summer, I don't say "like a nigger," because I have yet to see a colored brother really at work, but he toiled day and night, in season and out of season, over the plans for this theatre, which are all his own. He gave us the result of his work in the Winter Garden, which is a prettier and more comfortable theatre than any in London or Paris; and in one point, ventilation, a great deal ahead of any other place of amusement here. Mr. Bourcicault placed *Dot* on the stage in a novel and original way, and whatever successes were made in it, his was, after all, the greatest. Every artist owes him something for the opportunity which this play afforded to place every one on the stage en rapport with the audience.

Mr. Bourcicault and the subscriber do not frequently meet. When such a circumstance happens, it is not our invariable custom to embrace each other. But what I say of him, I say because it is the blessed Sunday school truth. He knows the theatre as thoroughly as any actor-manager, and has the superior advantages of education and mental cultivation. This makes him altogether the best stage director, while as a dramatic author his ability is beyond cavil.

I have no doubt that Mr. Bourcicault will give the public a surprise before long.

In the meantime, they have done a farce for Jefferson. *Retained for the Defense* is the title. It is done by Oxenford, but the idea is French. It is that of a simple old bourgeois, who has been so moved by the eloquence of an advocate engaged to defend a thief, as to endeavor to introduce the fellow into decent society. The thing is susceptible of much better treatment, and I apprehend that the play has been a good deal weakened by some insane attempts to localize it.

The reclaimed criminal is Mr. Jefferson—very fair, though not up to his usual mark; the rising young man at the bar, Mr. Davenport, very good; he acted, as if the aroma of the Sessions was still hanging about his skirts—and the philanthropist, Mr. G. Holland, excellent.

If Mr. Bourcicault would introduce some of the minor members of his flock, those who play servants, and "and sich," to a barber, it wouldn't be a bad idea.

Wallack's.

Those terribly fast fellows, Rochester, Buckingham & Co., are still at their innocent rascalities here, and plenty of people go to see them. The play is certainly amusing, and the public asks no more. The public is right.

Next week Mr. Wallack will introduce to the flowery paths of dramatic authorship (eh? Brougham's) Miss Walcot, who has done *Les Deux Aveugles* into English. I am directed by the Brightest and Best to say that she "would like to see" the critic who would whisper a word against a young lady's first attempt.

I wouldn't, after the Pearl of Manhattan had finished with him.

Personal.

Two young gentlemen for whom I entertain the deepest affection,—I adore stupid people and dogmatic bores,—to wit, (no pun intended) the "critics" of the *Daily News* and *Sport* (old) *of the Times*,—are having a lively, though somewhat ungrammatical controversy, over the mooted question of the merits of the subscriber.

One says I am "smart," but that I occasionally sacrifice the blessed truth in order to make fun of people who certainly make none for the public.

The other avows that I am a "puerile writer;" that nobody reads the "Feuilleton;" that I have "stereoscopic eyes," and more to the same purpose.

Now I have very little interest in this quarrel, but I hope that no serious complications will arise from it. Remember, my dear confreres, the immortal lines of Watts relative to the naturally belligerent disposition of animals of the canine species—the parallel between said animals and the juvenile portion of the community, whose "little hands were never made to scratch each other's eyes." You would be much benefited, *mes enfants*, by a thorough course of infantile reading, commencing with the New England Primer, and proceeding by easy stages to Lindley Murray, the invaluable.

Whisker's "things" have arrived by the *Kangaroo*.

In answer to numerous inquiries for Anna Maria, I am requested to state that she has not recovered from the comatose state into which she was thrown by reading the accounts of the Oviedo set out. Anna Maria's ma thinks it's a sin and a shame to throw away so much money; A. M., I believe, didn't see it.

PERSONNE.

A VOICE FROM OWEGO.

MR. EDITOR: Although my subscription to the SATURDAY PRESS has not yet expired, I take great pleasure in remitting you two dollars, to show that your appeal in the last number is responded to by at least one of your readers.

You may not know it, dear Editor, but in Owego, the SATURDAY PRESS is an institution—indeed, I may say a peculiar institution.

Ask G. H. A. if it isn't.

And, by the way, I wish you would send it more regularly. Why can't we have it on Saturday? for one of the ministers here says it's a capital preparation for Sunday. Don't flatter yourself, though; for two of them—two regular solemns, set apart by all sorts of ceremonies from the rest of mankind, and set over very decent kind of congregations—say, with the *Recorder*, that you ought to be promptly put down. One of them would hang you, if he could—and, for that matter, quarter you. At any rate, he wouldn't quarter you before you were hung—though I know more than one good fellow who would, and give you good quarters at that. For don't imagine that because this is a little provincial town, that it is a town of bigots. Far from it. There isn't a more liberal place in the State; and if we have a bigoted divine or so, and one or two not over charitable deacons, that is no more than are found everywhere. You have such people even in the metropolis—or used to have, when I lived there. The fact that you have a hundred or so subscribers here, is something to our credit—isn't it?

But what was I going to say? Oh! this—that you musn't, on any account, let the SATURDAY PRESS go down. We can't spare it.

Daniel Webster once said, in one of his exalted moments, that if the national debt couldn't be paid in any other way, he'd pay it himself. He didn't do it—debt-paying not being one of his gifts—but doubtless he would have done it if he had had the means. So with me and the SATURDAY PRESS: if it couldn't be saved in any other way, I'd save it myself, if I could. But you see I can't—though I am good for two dollars more, if you want it, if not two and a-half. So keep up a good heart, and believe me, though I never saw you "in the flesh" (they say nobody else ever did),

Your friend and well wisher,

A SATURDAY PRESS-BYTERIAN.

Owego, Oct. 25, 1859.

ART-ATTRACTIONS.

"The French and English Exhibition" at the Academy of Design, and the exhibition of Page's "Venus" at the Dusseldorf Gallery, will positively close to-day (Saturday). Church's "Heart of the Andes" will be on exhibition at the Studio Building for a short time longer. These, Waugh's "Italy" at Hope Chapel, and the exhibition of Rosa Bonheur's "Muleteers" and "Morning in the Highlands" at Goupil's new gallery, 772 Broadway, are the principal art-attractions now on view.

One Thing and Another.

— Barry Gray of the *Home Journal* asserts that there is as much literary talent at the South as at the North, and in curious proof of his assertion cites the names of Miss Evans, Madame Le Vert, Miss Petit, Miss Martha Haynes Butts, Mrs. Jacobus, of Augusta, Georgia; Mrs. Mowatt Ritchie, who is a Southern lady by adoption; Mrs. King, of Charleston, author of Sylvia's World; Mrs. Caroline Glover, of Charleston; Mrs. Martin, of Columbia, S. C.; Miss Reedy, Mrs. McCord, "the gifted Mrs. M. of Wilmington," author of Edith Trevor; Susan Archer Talley, "whose praise was sung by the great Poe himself," and Mrs. Stratton,—all of whom either "in prose or numerous verse," have contributed to Southern literature. Barry Gray concludes with the following compendious and amusing enumeration of southern authors of the other sex:

"So you see the ladies of the South have not kept behind her literary men, although you have Meek and Simms, Barron Hope and Hayne, Timrod and Requier, Overall, Thompson, Cooke, Grayson, Rouquette, Albert Pike, and doubtless others whose names I do not now recall." What a pity:

A good companion paragraph to the above is the following, from the same journal and in the same buttered and refreshing style.

Miss Martha Haines Butt, of Norfolk, Virginia, the well-known authoress, is not, as rumor has circulated, the young Virginian lady whose intention to go upon the stage we announced some weeks since. Miss Butt, we learn, has no thoughts, at present, of leaving the literary field—in which she has been an earnest laborer—but is busily engaged in supervising for the press her new work, "A Wreath of Buds," which will be published in a few weeks. The report that Miss Butt is engaged to the Cuban gentleman, is also, we understand, wholly without foundation.

Mrs. Fanny Kemble and her daughter have returned from their visit to England.

Charles E. Whitehead, of this city, translator of "Gerard the Lion Killer," has in the press of Derby & Jackson, to be published this Autumn, a new book entitled "Wild Sports in the Southern States."

The Artists of Baltimore have joined themselves together in a club called the Allston Association, and held a grand soiree on Tuesday evening last.

The veteran traveller, Kohl, is engaged upon a new book, the result of his wanderings in North America, particularly in the country round Lake Superior. It is to be published early in November, under the odd title of "Hitchi-Gami."

Mr. B. Everett Smith has issued the prospectus of a new weekly journal, to be called *The Spirit of the American Press*. It will aim to give the leading articles of the principal daily, weekly, and religious papers of the whole country, with occasional notes and comments. A good idea.

— The Messrs. Appletons show at last a correct appreciation of the value of their Forty-Five Dollar Cyclopedia, by advertising that any person who procures four subscribers to it (no fool of a job) will be entitled to a fifth copy gratis. We knew it would come to this long ago; for though the American people are good-natured, they are not idiotic.

— Messrs. Mason Brothers, publishers, have removed to the spacious premises Nos. 5 and 7 Mercer street, opposite Howard street.

— Messrs. C. M. Saxton, Barker & Co., having purchased the stock of Messrs. A. O. Moore & Co., Agricultural Booksellers and Stationers, will carry on the business at No. 25 Park Row, New York. See advertisement.

— A copy of the first edition of Boccaccio's "Decameron" was sold in 1812, to the Duke of Marlborough, for two thousand two hundred and sixty pounds sterling, equal to nearly twelve thousand dollars. It is supposed that this is the highest sum ever paid for a book.

— The Canadians, adopting the Yankee example, are to celebrate "Thanksgiving Day" on Thursday, the 3d of November.

— Mr. Yeadon will be delighted to hear that Mr. Everett, having been requested to preside at a meeting in behalf of the Indians, and told that the spirit of Daniel Webster had requested him to do so, replied, "that a very long and ardent friendship had existed between himself and Mr. Webster, and he could not consent to receive any communication from him through a third party."

— The following new books are published to-day: "The Money King, and other Poems, by J. G. Saxe," Boston, Ticknor & Fields; "Gold Foil, hammered from Popular Proverbs, by Timothy Titcomb," New York, C. Scribner; "The History of Herodotus, New English edition, with copious notes and appendices, by Rev. George Rawlinson, M.A.," New York, D. Appleton & Co.

The Harpers will publish, in a few days, "Women Artists in all Ages and Countries," by Mrs. Ellet, author of "The Women of the American Revolution," etc., and "A Good Fight, and Other Tales," by Charles Reade.

Photographs of the original drawings by Raffaelle, in the Royal Library at Windsor, have been taken at the expense of the Prince Consort. The negatives of these impressions have been presented to the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education, from which copies will be supplied to schools of Art and the public generally at the mere cost of paper and printing.

ALLEGED LITERARY DISCOVERY.—The *Courier des Etats Unis*, Wednesday, says the *Evening Post*, contains the following singular announcement under the head of *Faits Divers*:

"There is not in Great Britain a more remarkable book than 'Pilgrim's Progress.' It is a sort of Telemachus of Protestant religious literature, and is more highly esteemed by the English than Fenelon's *chef d'œuvre*. Hitherto this work has been attributed to John Bunyan. But a young woman, named Catherine Isabella Curt, has just published in London a translation of an old French manuscript in the British Museum, which is, almost word for word, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. The manuscript is the work of a clergyman, G. de Grideville, who lived in the fifteenth century. Its title, in Norman English, is *Pylogremage of the Soule*. The printer, Caxton, who occupied the same position in London as the Etiennes in Paris, published in 1483 a translation of this manuscript, of which the authenticity appears incontestable. It would seem, therefore, that the credit of this celebrated book belongs to France, although France hitherto has shown less appreciation of the original than England has bestowed on the copy."

So far the French journalist.

We know nothing of the authority on which this statement, which looks like a *canard*, is founded; but if the story should happen to be true, it will create no little hubbub in the literary world.

Mrs. Partington Outdone.

The man who does the theatres and things for the *Daily News*, accuses the Dramatic Critic of the SATURDAY PRESS of having a "stereoscopic eye."

Punch.

It is not often that THE SATURDAY PRESS finds anything in *Punch* sufficiently good to copy, but whenever it does, it invariably gives due credit. Why will not *Punch* be kind enough to adopt the same course in respect to THE SATURDAY PRESS?

Inauguratory Concert.

Mr. Robert Goldbeck, assisted by Messrs. Perring and Aptommas, advertises an attractive Concert for this (Saturday) evening, for the inauguration of "Goldbeck's Music Hall"—which, by the way, is the handsomest hall of its size in the city, and admirably adapted in all respects for lectures, readings, musical entertainments, and the like. For particulars of this evening's concert, see advertisment.

WANTED—A MINISTER.

We have been without a pastor,
Some eighteen months or more,
And though candidates are plenty—
We've had at least a score—
All of them "tip-top" preachers,
Or so their letters ran—
We're just as far as ever
From settling on the man.

The first who came among us
By no means was the worst,
But then we didn't think of him,
Because he was the first;
It being quite the custom
To sacrifice a few,
Before the church in earnest
Determines what to do.

There was a smart young fellow
With serious, earnest way,
Who, but for one great blunder,
Had surely won the day;
Who left so good impression,
On Monday, one or two,
Went round among the people
To see if he would do.

The pious, godly portion,
Had not a fault to find;
His clear and searching preaching
They thought the very kind;
And all went smooth and pleasant,
Until they heard the views
Of some influential sinners
Who rent the highest pews.

On these his pungent dealing
Made but a sorry hit;
The coat of gospel teaching
Was quite too tight a fit.
Of course his fate was settled—
Attend, ye parsons all!
And preach to please the sinners
If you would get a call.

Next came a spruce young dandy—
He wore his hair too long;
Another's coat was shabby,
And his voice not over strong;
And one New Haven student
Was worse than all of those
We couldn't heed the sermon
For thinking of his nose!

Then wearying of candidates,
We looked the country through,
'Mid doctors and professors,
To find one that would do;
And after much discussion
On who should bear the ark,
With tolerable agreement
We fixed on Dr. Parke.

Here, then, we thought it settled,
But were amazed to find
Our flattering invitation
Respectfully declined.
We turned to Dr. Hopkins
To help us in the lurch,
Who strangely thought that college
Had claims above our church.

Next we dispatched committees
By twos and threes, to urge
The labors for a Sabbath
Of the Rev. Shallow Splurge.
He came—a marked sensation,
So wonderful his style,
Followed the creaking of his boots
As he passed up the aisle.

His tones were so affecting,
His gestures so divine,
A lady fainted in the hymn
Before the second line;
And on that day he gave us,
In accents clear and loud,
The greatest prayer ever addressed
To an enlightened crowd.

He preached a double sermon,
And gave us angel's food,
On such a lovely topic—
"The joys of solitude."
All full of sweet descriptions
Of flowers and pearly streams,
Of warbling birds, and moonlit groves,
And golden sunset beams.

Of faith and true repentance,
He nothing had to say;
He rounded all the corners,
And smoothed the rugged way;
Managed with great adroitness
To entertain and please.
And leave the sinner's conscience
Completely at its ease.

Six hundred is the salary
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And found it hard to raise;
But when we took the paper,
We had no need to urge,
To raise a cool two thousand
For the Rev. Shallow Splurge.

In vain were all the efforts—
We had no chance at all—
We found ten city churches
Had given him a call;
And he, in prayerful waiting,
Was keeping all in tow,
But where they paid the highest,
It was whispered he would go.

And now, good Christian brothers,
We ask your earnest prayers,
That God would send a shepherd
To guide our church affairs,
With this clear understanding—
A man, to meet our views,
Must preach to please the sinners,
And fill the vacant pews.

Contents of Magazines.

Fraser's Magazine for October: Bacon's Philosophical Works; On the Life of Edmund Spencer, by Thomas Keightley; Notes on the National Drama of Spain, by J. R. Chorley, Chapter III. concluded, Principles; Holmby House, by G. J. Whyte Melville, Author of Digby Grand, Part X; About the West Riding; The Volunteer at Solferino; Last Spring at Rome—A Bird's Eye View; Sword and Gown, by the Author of 'Guy Livingstone,' Part VII.; Bakers and Builders, by a Grumbler; Port-Royal and the Port-Royalists; Piedmont and Italy in 1849 and 1859.

Titan, for October: Pathological Love in its English Aspect; Getting On, by the Author of Behind the Scenes in Paris, Chaps. XXXV. to XXXIX.; The Latest Commentary on the Romans; Fragments of the Table Round; Jordan; Loaves and Pitchers for Two, or Nights in a Nunnery; Five Minutes' Chat; The New Books.

The British Quarterly Review for October: Unitarianism—Mr. Martineau; Tennent's Account of Ceylon; Shelley; The Buddhist Pilgrims; Raindrops; Novels and Novelists; Financial Resources of India; Tennyson's Idylls of the King; Metternich; Epilogue on Affairs and Books.

Dublin University Magazine for October; Christian Ethics and John Stuart Mill; The Dying Soldier's Wife, a Plea for the Lawrence Asylum; Continental Notes in July and August, 1859—Savoy and Piedmont; Artist and Craftsman, Part IV.; Geology and Mineralogy; The Two Worlds; Mr. Arnold's Pamphlet; Alpine Tours; Taught and Untaught; The Season Ticket, No. VII.; Maclise's Cartoon of the Battle of Waterloo.

Colburn's United Service Magazine, and Naval and Military Journal for October: The last Arctic search; Critical Remarks on the Operations in the Peiho River; England's Second Line of Defence—our Land Forces; The Arts of Camp Life; The Admirality and Sir Howard Douglas's Screw Propeller: England and America on the Pacific; Harbors of Refuge; The British Navy during the War with Russia; Captain Blakely and the Armstrong Gun; German view of the Italian War; The War Office Committee and the Trevelyan scheme; The Campaign in Lombardy in 1848; The Command of the Chinese Expedition; Gazettes, Despatches, &c.

NEW PUBLICATIONS
Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.
For the week ending October 29, 1859.

Women-Artists in all Ages and Countries. By Mrs. Ellet, author of "The Women of the Revolution," etc. 12mo, pp. 377. New York: Harper & Bros.

A Good Fight and other Tales. By Charles Reade, author of "Love me Little, Love me Long," "Peg Woffington," "Christie Johnson," etc., etc. With Illustrations. 12mo, pp. 341. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Sea of Ice; or, The Arctic Adventurers. By Percy B. St. John. 12mo, pp. 243. Boston: Mayhew & Baker. 1859.

School Amusements; or, How to Make the School Interesting; embracing simple rules for Military and Gymnastic Exercises, and hints upon the general management of the Schoolroom, with Engravings. By N. W. Taylor Root. 12mo, pp. 225. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr. 1859.

The Normal; or, Methods of Teaching the Common Branches, Orthoepy, Orthography, Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, and Elocution; including the outlines, technicalities, explanations, demonstrations, definitions, and methods, introductory and peculiar to each branch. By Alfred Holbrook, Principal of Normal School, Lebanon, Ohio. 12mo, pp. 456. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr. 1859.

Lectures on Mental and Moral Culture. By Samuel P. Bates, A.M., Superintendent of Public Instruction, Crawford County, Penn. 12mo, pp. 319. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr. 1859.

Gustaf Von Düben's Treatise on Microscopical Diagnosis; with 71 Engravings. Translated, with additions, by Prof. Louis Bauer, M.D., M.R.C.S.Eng., etc. 8vo, pp. 82. New York: John Wiley. 1859.

The Little Orator; or, Primary School Speaker. By Charles Northend, A.M., author of "Teacher and Parent," "Teacher's Assistant, etc. 1859.

Leaders of the Reformation: Luther, Calvin, Latimer, Knox, the Representative Men of Germany, France, England, and Scotland. By John Tulloch, D.D., Principal, and Primarius Professor of Theology, St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, author of "Theism" (Burnet Prize Treatise), etc. 12mo, pp. 309. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1859.

The Christian Education. By Benjamin W. Dwight, author of "Modern Philology, its History, Discoveries, and Results." 12mo, pp. 347. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr. 1859.

Rhymes of Twenty Years. By Henry Morford. 12mo, pp. 240. New York: H. Dexter & Co. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1859.

The Prairie; a Tale. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. Darley. 12mo, pp. 479. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. 1859.

Leaves from an Actor's Note-Book; with Reminiscences and Chit-Chat of the Green-Room and the Stage in England and America. By George Vandenhoff. 12mo, pp. 347. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1859.

Chess Column
OF
The New York Saturday Press.
OCTOBER 29th, 1859.

Replies and Remarks.

— A collection of the best chess games by Dutch players is about to appear in Holland, under the title of *De Nederlandsche Schaakspeler*. It will be edited by the conductor of *Sissa*.

— Max Lange's *Paul Morphy, Skizze aus der Schachwelt* is to be published in an English Dress, by Stairie, of London. The translator is Mr. Falkbeer, who has added several games omitted in the original. We may be sure that Mr. Falkbeer, who belongs to the chop-house clique of the Philidorian Rooms, will by no means overpraise Mr. Morphy. He is one of those continental gentlemen who have assumed the task of supporting the honor of England by underrating the strength of the American player.

— Our word *gambit* is derived from the Italian *gambetto* (in the Modenese dialect *gambarola*), a term used by wrestlers, and signifying a peculiar stroke of the leg by which a man throws his adversary. It comes originally, like the French *jambe*, from a barbarous Latin word, *campa*. In chess it means the sacrifice of a Pawn at an early stage of the game for the purpose of gaining a better situation, or, more figuratively, with the idea of tripping up your adversary's heels.

— Mr. Morphy leaves New York to-day, and will stay a few days in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and will possibly stop a short time in Richmond, Charleston, and Mobile. We shall endeavor to give an account of his last few days in this city next week. His score with Mr. Thompson, at the odds of the knight, stands: Morphy 16, Thompson 9, drawn 1.

— We have received the letter of "H.," of Boston, and shall comply with his request in December. We were much amused by his remark concerning "a person by the name of" ——. It would delight us to see the manuscript alluded to, and to insert it in this journal. It is a little flattering to us to know that all of your Braintowners are not particularly disgusted with "a book by the name of" ——.

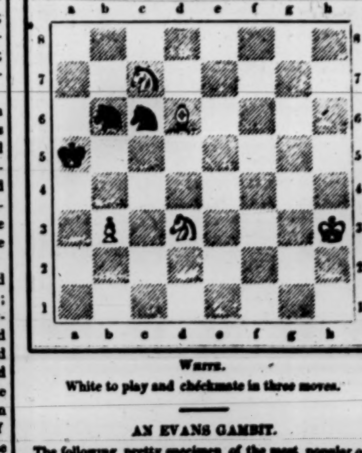
— The *Chess Monthly*, for November, appears to-day. It contains the commencement of one of Walker's interesting stories, a large number of games, several of which are unpublished contests by Mr. Morphy, with his own notes, endgames, problems, and much miscellaneous matter. The January number of this magazine will contain an original sketch by Captain Kennedy, the best Chess sketch-writer of the day, written in his happiest vein.

— What is the matter with the *Lynn News*? Have the puritan Crispins of Lynn conquered at last? Has the chess column been abolished by the selectmen? Have the redoubtable editors been hung for witchcraft? Have they succumbed under the furious anathemas of the *Saturday Evening Gazette*? Can the *Evening Bulletin*, its friend and ally in former days, tell us the cause of the sudden silence that broods over Lynn? One method of accounting for it has indeed struck our minds—a method almost too horrible to relate. It is possible that the leading editors of the organs of Lynn and Boston, too enraged to confine themselves to words, have resorted to arms, and that the former has fallen beneath the accurate aim or swift dexterity of the latter. It is with hesitation, no less than with a sort of nameless horror, that we make public this surmise of ours. Will the *Gazette* confess? Is the young and gifted friend of *Artaxerxes*, the too ignorant but zealous champion of the English no-notation, the admirer of Brown, the assailant of Braintown, now lying in an unknown grave, the victim of the hate of the Cantii? Was it swords or pistols?

— A late number of the *Illustrated News* contains some positions occurring in games between St. Amant and Louis Blanc. The distinguished radical is said to be a constant frequenter of the London Chess-Club.

— In 1609, King James the First made a speech to the Lords and Commons at Whitehall, wherein he said, speaking of Kings, "They have power to exalt low things, and abase high things, and make of their subjects like men at Chess, a Pawne to take a Bishop or a Knight, and to cry up or down any of their subjects, as they do their money." James the First may have believed all this, but his unfortunate son, Charles, and his almost equally unlucky grandson, James, found out to their cost that the Kings were not all-powerful over the other denizens of the world's chessboard.

PROBLEM NO. 37.
By the EDITOR of *Sissa*.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and checkmate in three moves.

AN EVANS GAMBIT.

The following pretty specimen of the most popular opening of the day was played lately at the Morphy Rooms, in this city, between Judge Meek and Mr. Otho E. Michaelis, a strong New York amateur.

Michaelis.	Meek.
1. e2—e4	e7—e5
2. Kt g1—f3	Kt b8—c6
3. B f1—c4	B f8—c5
4. b2—b4	B c5—b4:
5. c2—c3	B b4—a5
6. d2—d4	e5—d4:
7. o—o	Kt g8—f6

This move was first analysed and declared to be the strongest play of the defence by Max Lange, in the *Schachzeitung* for 1852. It was employed by Anderssen in his first match game with Morphy.

8. B c1—a3	B a5—c6

A partial analysis of White's eighth move has been given by Morphy in the *Chess Monthly* (Vol. III. p. 214). It undoubtedly gives the first player the advantage. Black's best reply is 8. d7—d6.

9. c3—d4:	d7—d5
10. e4—e5	d6—d5

If Black 10. d6—e5: White can force the game.

11. e5—f6:	d5—c4:
12. R f1—e1†	Ke8—d7

If Black 12. B c8—e6 White wins by 13. d4—d5.

13. d4—d5	Q d8—f6:

This is as good a move as Black has at his command, since White threatens to gain the Queen by Re1—e7†. White now gives mate in five moves.

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From the Burlington Times.
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From the Providence Journal.
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From the Boston Recorder.
We know of no literary journal, either in this country or in England, which, on the whole, we should prefer to it [the N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS]; and we heartily commend it to all who desire to keep themselves acquainted with the issues of the American and English press, and other current matters in literature.

From the Boston Congregationalist.
We have been much pleased with the N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS, which strikes us as being the spiciest, frankest, and truest in its criticisms upon literature of any journal out. It contains the completest printed list of new books, and books in press.

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Mercantile Library Association.

The Board of Direction have the pleasure to announce to the friends of the Institution, and the public generally, the following

COURSE OF LECTURES,

to be delivered at Clinton Hall, Astor Place, on THURSDAY EVENINGS, the following dates:

Nov. 3—ARTHUR GILMAN, Esq.
Subject: "Characteristics of New England Humor" (re-written).
Nov. 10—JOHN R. THOMPSON, Esq.
Subject: "Fools and their Uses."
Nov. 17—E. P. WHIPPLE, Esq.
Subject: "Courage."
Dec. 1—WM. H. FRY, Esq.
Subject: ————
Dec. 8—(Lecturer and subject to be announced.)

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THE TAILORS.

[From the London Examiner.]

In the corner of the world I spy,
Not very far remote,
A group of tailors who've met to try
If they can mend a coat.

'Tis a purple brocade all faded and frayed,
They are laboring to repair;
In the court of a palace they ply their trade
And grumble and whisper there.

Its stiff old fashion has long since past,
And the stuff is worn and torn,
But they think by their botching to make it last
For ages yet unborn.

This Joseph's coat of many a dye
Is patched with Bohemian rags,
And velvets and silks from Italy,
And Hungarian tassels and tags.

'Tis stained by many a bloody spot,
And worn by the fretting sword,
And the gold in it wrought the Jews have got,
And rats have the lining devoured.

From the facings its Milan silk was torn,
And lost in a day of disgrace,—
And so spotted and forlorn, that 'twould make you mourn,
Is its point Venetian lace.

These Mantua-makers will never make fast,
The border with which it is bound
Though they baste it and whip it and overcast,
And fell it and hem it around.

'Tis so shrunken and rotten with wear and tear,
That it grieves one to see them sit
With loop-stitch and chain-stitch and tent-stitch there,
Striving to strengthen it.

But a charlatan from France has come
To lend them a helping hand;
He has tailored an old coat new at home
With a yoke and collar and band.

He has ironed it out in his mangle-press,
Till it looks as good as new,
And he promises them the same success,
In tailoring their coat too.

There, whispering together with bated breath
In voices harsh and low,
And mumbling a priestly Shibboleth,
Their tattered coat they sew.

A STORY.

Translated from the German of Hans Christian Andersen, for the SATURDAY PRESS.

In the garden all the apple-trees were in bloom; they had hastened to put forth their blossoms before the leaves came. In the yard the little ducks were walking about, and also the cat: she even sunned herself, and licked the sunshine from her paws. If you looked over the fields, how the grain stood up and shone, so beautifully green, but so even! There was a twittering and whirring of all the little birds, as if there was a great festival; and so there was, indeed, for it was Sunday. The bells rang, and all the people went to church dressed in their best clothes, and looked so contented! Yes, there was something of contentment in all. It was so warm and blessed a day, that one could say, with truth, "The dear God is, beyond example, good to us men."

Within the church there stood the parson in the pulpit, and spoke so loud and scornfully. He said, "Men are all godless, and God will punish them for "it; and when they die, all the wicked go to hell, to "be eternally burnt." He grew zealous, and declared "that their worm never died, and their fire was never "quenched," and "that they would never more find "rest or comfort."

That was fearful to hear, and he spoke it with such conviction! He described hell to them as "A pestilential hole, into which all the filth of the world flowed; "that there, there was no other air than the hot, "burning flames of sulphur; that there was no bottom "there; the wicked sank and sank, ever deeper and "deeper, into an eternal silence." It was really fearful to hear about; but the preacher uttered it out of a full heart, and all the people in the church were terrified at it.

Outside, meanwhile, all the little birds sang, quite contented, and the sun seemed warm; and it was as if every flower said, "God is, without example, so good "to us all!" Yes! outside it certainly was not as the preacher preached.

The same evening, as he was going to sleep, the parson looked at his wife who sat meditating and thoughtful.

"What ails you?" he asked.

"Yes, what ails me!" she answered. "I am ailing "because I cannot rightly gather my thoughts to"gether; because I cannot exactly comprehend what "you spoke in church, to-day—'that there are so "'many godless men, and that they should be eter"'nally burnt.' Eternity! ah, how long! I am only "a mortal, a sinner before God; but I cannot take it "to my heart to suffer even the most hardened sinner "to be eternally burnt; and how, then, should the "dear God suffer it, who is goodness without end, and "who knows how wickedness comes from without and "from within? No, I can never think so, although "you say it."

It was autumn: the trees were stripped of their leaves. The earnest, strong-spoken pastor sat by the bed of a dying one; a pious, believing soul was closing her eyes in death: it was the wife of the pastor.

"If any one finds rest in the grave, and blessing be"fore her God, it is you;" and he folded her hands, and read a psalm for the dead.

They bore her to the grave; two large tears rolled down the cheeks of the earnest man. And in the parsonage it was still and empty: the sun of the house was extinguished; she had gone home.

It was night; a cold wind swept over the head of the parson; he closed his eyes, and it seemed to him as if the moon was shining into his chamber; but the moon was not shining—it was a figure which stood beside his bed; he saw the spirit of his dead wife; she looked at him with so much agitation, it seemed as if she wished to say something.

The pastor raised himself half up in bed, and stretched his arms towards her. "Is not eternal rest bestowed "even on you, the best, and most pious creature?" The dead bowed her head for "Yes," and laid her hand upon her breast.

"Is it in my power to create rest for you in the "grave?" "Yes," was the answer. "How?" "Give "me a hair, only a single hair from the head of the "sinner, whose fire will never be extinguished, of the "sinner whom God will thrust into the eternal tor"ment of hell!"

"Indeed! can you so easily be absolved, you pure, "you pious one?" said he. "Follow me," said the figure; "it is allowed us. By my side you may sweep "whither your thoughts will; unseen of men we may "press into their most secret chambers; but with sure "hand must you discover him who is condemned to "eternal torment, and before cockcrow must he be "found."

Quickly as though borne on winged thoughts, they found themselves in the great city; and from the walls of the houses shone for them, in letters of fire, the names of the deadly sins,—pride, covetousness, drunkenness, lust,—in short the whole seven-colored rainbow of sins.

"In there, as I believe, as I know," said the pastor, "congregate those who are destined to eternal fire." And they stood before the brilliantly-lighted portal; the broad stairs were adorned with carpets and flowers, and through the festive halls resounded the music of the dance. The Swiss in silk and satin, with his silver-mounted staff, stood at the entrance.

"Our ball can compare with the King's," said he; and he turned contemptuously to the gaping crowd in the street. What he thought, shone forth sufficiently in his mien and gestures. "Ragged beggars that you "are, peeping in here! beside me you are canaille."

"Pride," said the ghost, "do you see him?"

"Him there?" answered the parson: "he is only a "poor beast, a fool, and not destined to eternal fire."

"Only a fool," sounded through the whole house of pride; that were they all there.

They swept between the four naked walls of covetousness. Thin as a skeleton, trembling with cold and hunger, a grey old man clung with all his thoughts to his gold; they saw him, feverish, spring up from his miserable couch, and take out a loose stone from the wall; there lay gold coin in an old stocking; they saw him anxiously feeling his ragged coat, in which gold pieces were sewed, and his moist fingers trembled.

"He is sick! That is madness, a friendless madman "environed with anguish and evil dreams."

They went quickly away and stopped before the criminal prison; in long rows the unfortunate creatures slept beside each other. Like a wild beast, one started from sleep, and uttering a fearful shriek he gave his comrade a heavy blow in the stomach with his sharp elbow, and the latter turned sleepily over.

"Hold your tongue, you wretch, and go to sleep. "This happens every night." "Every night!" echoed the other. "Yes, every night he comes and torments "me! In my activity I have committed many a "crime. I was born with a wicked mind, which has "brought me here a second time; but I have done "wrong, and I suffer my punishment. One crime I "have not yet confessed. When I came out of prison "the last time, I passed by the court-yard of my late "master; I boiled up, because one and another met "me; I set up a burning log against the wall so that "it might come near the thatch roof. Everything "burnt down, and the heat came over me then, as it "often since comes over me. I, myself, helped to "save both cattle and furniture. Nothing living was "burnt but a flock of doves, and the chained dog, "whom I did not think about. You heard him howl "out of the fire; and this howl I always hear. If I "wish to sleep, or fall asleep, the big, rough hound "comes and lays himself on me, and howls, and presses me, and torments me. Listen now to what I tell "you. You can snore, you snore all night long: but "I hardly have a quarter of an hour's rest."

The blood shot into the eyes of the heated prisoner; he threw himself upon his comrade, and beat him with clenched fist in the face.

"The wicked fellow is mad again," went the round; and the other criminals caught hold and struggled with him, and bent him crooked, till his head reached his knees; and then they tied him fast, till blood fairly poured out of his eyes and pores.

"You'll kill the poor creature," cried the parson; and while he was stretching a protecting hand over him who was already too sorely doing penance for his crime, the scene changed. They flew through rich halls and poor hovels. Lust, envy, all the deadly sins, strode before them. These were indeed not brilliant people, but they were brought before God—the God who reads the heart, who knows all things together, and knows that wickedness comes from within and from without—the God who is himself mercy and love. The hand of the parson trembled; he did not venture to stretch it out; he did not trust himself to pull a hair from the sinner's head. The tears swelled to his eyes, like a stream of cooling water to quench the eternal fire of hell.

The cock crowed.

"All merciful God! grant her peace, for I cannot "absolve her!"

"Then I am right now," said the ghost. "It was "your hard word, your despair in humanity, your "gloomy belief in God and His creation, which im"pelled me to you. Learn to know men. Even in "the wicked there is a part of God, enough to quench "and conquer the flames of hell."

The preacher felt a kiss upon his lips; the chamber lit up about him; the clear sun of God streamed into the room, where his wife, living, mild, and full of love, was awakening him out of a dream which had been sent to him from God.

A MARRIAGE AND A MUSS.

Who does not remember the legend of the lady Godiva and her ride through Coventry, with the noble heroism which nerved her to a deed that took the people's tax away, and built herself an everlasting name? Who has not execrated the eager prurience of peeping Tom, "boring a little augur-hole in fear" to spy upon the beauteous lady as she rode "clothed on with chastity," and rejoiced exceedingly at the swift vengeance of the Powers which "cancelled a sense misused," and bade the caitiff's eyes wither suddenly within his caitiff head? The fair wife of Earl Godwin, is, perhaps, but a lovely legend; yet the ancient story of her trial and her triumph moves the stoutest heart like a thing of yesterday. There is something in the exposure of womanhood even to the chances of the world's scoffing gaze and heedless speech, which stirs the blood to mingled pity and indignation; and there are few, we trust, who can conceive of such a position as that of Godiva without emotion. Yet the whole world of New York has for the last ten days been compelled to endure the spectacle of an involuntary Godiva, held up to the observation of thousands of peeping Toms specially bidden to the inspection, and sent through Coventry,—not for the good of the people, nor to take any tax away, nor to build herself an everlasting name, but merely to make a New York holiday, and spread the fame of certain illustrious haberdashers and goldsmiths from Maine to Mexico. We must own that we think it quite time that the exhibition of Mme. Oviedo and her marriage should be withdrawn from the public eye. Curiosity itself must have been thrice surfeited with all that it can claim to care for in her history. All the old maids in the metropolis now know, or ought to know, just how many garments of various kinds, how many bonnets and pairs of gloves, how many parasols and porte-monnaies, were the portion of this modern sultan's daughter. All the old bachelors in town now know, or ought to know, how many diamond buttons the groom wore in his waistcoat at the wedding, just how fine was the Bioley cloth of his coat, just how glossy were his boots, and how well-oiled his ambrosial curls. If the whole of this affair had been devised by some cynical philosopher, combining in his own person all the humor of George Cruikshank, with all the sarcastic wit of Henry Heine, for the special purpose of satirizing our national passion for personalities, and the ripe results of our hotel life, with its promenades, its hops, its *tables d'hôte*, its vulgarly chaotic intimacies, and its perpetual publicity,—it could not have been mended. It is useless now to ask who was in fault in all this, or to bandy the original responsibility of the caricature from the betrothed victims to their friends, from their friends to the shopkeepers, from the shopkeepers to the Press. The simple fact is, that while hundreds of men and maidens contrive to get themselves married, more or less sumptuously, and by one or another ecclesiastical personage, every week of the year in this good city of New York, and make no sign whatever in the public prints,—this most unfortunate couple, guilty, so far as appears, of no crime whatever, excepting a set of rather heavy bills at the Broadway bazaars, and filling no conspicuous social position, have yet been set up like a pair of glittering scarecrows at the gates of the hymenial paradise to frighten all quiet people back into the desert of celibacy.

Mr. Washington Bartlett, the father of the bride who has been thus scurvily dealt with, professes to believe that the newspapers and the dealers in finery have done all this naughtiness; and by way of maintaining his proposition, has just announced that he means to invoke the arm of the law for the punishment of a certain youth who allowed himself to be seduced by the ghost of Tom Hood, and the success of "Nothing to Wear," into composing a versified description of the "Diamond Wedding" with moral improvements. While we respect the parental gallantry of Mr. Bartlett, we regret to be obliged to say that, in our opinion, his championship is more likely to intensify and perpetuate than to abolish the scandal which he is now bent upon abating. Mr. Bartlett is, no doubt, as thoroughly determined to suppress the bardling whose pastoral pipe annoyed him, as he was to keep the arrangements of his daughter's bridal secret from the world; but in the one case as in the other, he has been unlucky enough to "blunder," like the British at Balaklava; and he must not be surprised if the malicious many should overbear the generous few, and hold him responsible for the enormous publicity of the whole matter.

For, consider the facts:

The New York *Tribune* publishes a metrical homily on the "Diamond Wedding," to the general effect that fine feathers may make fine birds, but who knows what may happen on the other side of Jordan? Mr. Bartlett reads the homily, and instead of digesting the wholesome commonplaces therein advanced, conceives the composition to involve a "gross libel on his family;" sits down and utters his mind to the author; tells him he is "licentious in vulgar descriptions and allusions," and sends a friend to him as the bearer of a palinode or recantation, which he requests the said author to sign, and which is rather less palatable eating than the leek which Fluellen pressed on Pistol. Failing the signature, the author Mr. Stedman, is warned that some dire alternative impends over him. Mr. Stedman utterly declines his signature—goes into an elaborate vindication of his "article in verse" (which he, for his part, prefers to style a "poem"), and snubs Mr. Bartlett for the style of his communication. He also nominates a friend, and his friend feeling convinced, as he says, that Mr. Bartlett wouldn't eventually fight, presses the matter forward in the most warlike fashion. The sagacious friend was right. Mr. Bartlett wouldn't fight; for not even when it was explained to him that his antagonist's family "moved in the first circles of Florence," could he be convinced that a man who lives in Fourteenth street *East*, as Mr. Stedman owns that he does, can possibly be the "social equal" of a man who lives in Fourteenth street *West*. So the duel hung fire; a libel suit forthwith loomed upon the sky, and the whole correspondence is hurried into print, concentrating a new battery of promiscuous attentions upon this most magnetic of weddings, and making inevitable an "illustrated edition" of the abominable "article in verse."—*New York Times*.

SHOREWARD.

BY G. J. CAYLEY.

Oh, my spirit is on the wing,
Skimming o'er
These breakers hoar;
Bright the flashing spray-drops Spring;
Hoarse the plunging waves along our keelson roar.

Friendly storm-fiend, whistle loud!
Shrill and sharp
Æolian harp;
Straining sheet and twanging shroud,
At your stormy music let the craven carp!

For mine eyes beheld the shore
Where she dwells,
That far excels
All rich ocean's pearly store,
Casketed in ocean's countless pearly shells.

Ho! I see it! Hail—all hail!
O'er the foam
My loved one's home.
Darling, dost thou watch my sail!
Doth no quick-fluttering pulse declare to thee—I come?

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

The SATURDAY PRESS, in its desire to foster and promote all attempts at fine writing, copies for its readers the following extract from that pious daily the *Journal of Commerce* of Oct. 4th:

The venerable "Sam Patch," with his oraculous motto, "Some things can be done as well as others," seems to be reproduced, in all the tribe of rope-walkers and air-jumpers, over abysses, chasms, frightful gorges, rivers, and places of yawning danger, and too probable death; the worse the better, and the more horrible and revolting the more desirable and worthy—just for the sake of their haggard honor of menace and repulsion. If any place can be found near, for the human rope-walker and silly monster, that is more terrific and perilous than any other, that suits exactly; delectable, picturesque, romantic, poetical, and they all adopt it. The time is fixed, and loungers, idlers, prurient rowdies, the whole nation of *igrimati*, as they were called by an *igmiratus*—rather *igmirandus*, lately—and all sorts of sharpers, pickpockets, drunkards, gamblers, and worthless persons, with a few others, who compromise their character by their company on the occasion, are convened to witness the edifying pageant, and leave the feculence of their influence for the degradation of the place after they have left it. Such scenes do no good; achieve no useful end; damage society; infatuate the young; tend only to profligacy of manners; are God-despising: and originate ordinarily in some low moneyed speculation of hotel-keepers, grog-sellers, and sordid venders of tobacco, confectionery, profane songs, show-tickets, and other mean matters, that in effect only deceive, injure, and rob the masses. I wonder that respectable Jonathan does not everywhere rebuke and forbid them! What is the pulpit, what the press, about, if not raising a virtuous protest against a vanity so valueless and an evil so gigantic? It grows as it goes. Boys are practicing all about, at the peril of their bones and their necks; stealing their mother's clothes-lines, tying them to apple trees, to bedsteads, to beams in the barn-loft, to fences and chimneys, to see if they cannot act the fool, as well as other monkeys and mountebanks, who make money and get fame.

The Saturday Press Book-List.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 29, 1859.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

LEGAL.

Ordinances of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty of the City of New York. Revised A. D. 1859, by D. T. Valentine. Adopted by the Common Council, and published by their authority. $3. New York: Banks & Brothers.

Commentaries on the Laws of England. In Four Books. By Sir William Blackstone, Knt., one of the Justices of His Majesty's Court of Common Pleas. With Notes selected from the editions of Archbold, Christian, Coleridge, Chitty, Stewart, Kerr, and others; Baron Field's Analysis; and Additional Notes, and a Life of the Author, by George Sharswood, Professor of the Institutes of Law in the University of Pennsylvania. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 531, 533. Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson.

NOVELS, TALES, ETC.

The Prairie. By J. Fennimore Cooper. 1 vol, square 8vo, beveled boards, with 2 choice steel and many wood illustrations. $1. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co.

Gold-Foil, Hammered from Popular Proverbs. By Timothy Titcomb. 1 vol., 12mo, 360 pages. $1; in gilt, $1 50. New York: Charles Scribner.

POETRY.

The Money King, and other Poems. By John G. Saxe. With a new portrait. 1 vol., 16mo. 75 cents. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Address Commemorative of Rufus Choate. By Theophilus Parsons. Delivered at Cambridge, September 29, 1859. 25 cents. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Manual of Geology. Designed for the use of Colleges and Academies. By Ebenezer Emmons, State Geologist of North Carolina; late State Geologist of New York; Professor of Natural History and Geology in Williams College; Corresponding Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, etc., etc. $1 25. Philadelphia: Sower, Barnes & Co.

ENGLISH.

MEDICAL.

On Gout: its Nature and Treatment; including the Disease commonly known as Rheumatic Gout. By A. B. Garrod, M.D., Professor of Clinical Medicine in University College, and Physician to University College Hospital. With colored and other illustrations. 1 vol. London: Walton and Maberly.

NOVELS, TALES, ETC.

Charmione: a Tale of the Great Athenian Revolution. By Edward A. Leatham M.A., M.P. London: W. H. Smith & Son.

Now or Never: a Novel. By M. Betham-Edwards, author of "The White House by the Sea." London: Hamilton, Adams & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Falconry; its Claims, History, and Practice. By Gage Earle Freeman, M.A., ("Peregrine," of the *Field* newspaper); and Francis Henry Salvin, Captain West York Rifles. To which are added, Remarks on Training the Otter and Cormorant, by Captain Salvin. Post 8vo, with 7 woodcut illustrations from original drawings by Wolf. London: Longman.

John de Wycliffe, a Monograph; including some account of the Wycliffe MSS. in Oxford, Cambridge, Lambeth Palace, the British Museum, and Trinity College, Dublin. By Robert Vaughan, D.D. In small 4to, with engravings, 12s. London: Seeleys.

The Steam-Engine, and Other Prime Movers. By William John Macquorn-Rankine, LL.D., C.E., F.R.S., etc., Regius Professor of Civil Engineering and Mechanics in the University of Glasgow. Illustrated with numerous engravings from original drawings. 1 vol., 8vo, 12s. 6d., cloth. London: Richard Griffin & Co.

Under Bow Bells: a City Book for all Readers. By John Hollingshead. 1 vol., post 8vo, cloth, 6s. London: Groombridge & Son.

Curiosities of War, and Military Studies. By Thomas Carter, Adjutant-General's office. Dedicated, by permission, to H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge. London: Groombridge & Son.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Treatise on Microscopical Diagnosis. By Gustaf Von Duben. Translated, with additions, by Prof. Louis Bauer, M.D., M.R.C.S., Eng., etc. With 71 illustrations. 1 vol., 8vo, cloth. $1. New York: John Wiley.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YOYK.

Hinchbridge Haunted: A Country Story. By George Cupples, Esq., author of "The Green Hand."

Now or Never. By Mr. Bethan Edwards.

Life of Times of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. By Mrs. Thomson.

One of Them. By Charles Lever.

A Life Struggle. A Novel. By Miss Pardoe.

Tom Brown at Oxford. By the author of "Tom Brown's School Days."

The Dark Day. By Wilkie Collins.

When the Snow Falls.

Misrepresentation. A Novel. By Anna H. Drury, author of "Eastbury."

The Nut Brown Maids; or, The First Hosier and his Hosen. A Family Chronicle of the Days of Queen Elizabeth.

Ovingdean Grange: A Tale of the South Downs. By Ainsworth.

Life in Spain; Past and Present. By Walter Thornbury.

The West Indies and the Spanish Main. By Anthony Trollope, author of "Doctor Thorne," "The Bertrams."

Sir John Bowring's Visit to the Phillipine Islands.

Setting Sail. A Novel. By the author of "Kathie Brande," and "Sylvan Holt's Daughter."

Misdirected Letters. By the author of "Sam Slick," etc.

Aggerden Vicarage; or, Bridget Storey's First Charge.

TICKNOR & FIELDS, BOSTON.

Tom Brown at Oxford. By the author of "School-Days at Rugby."

Seven Years. A new Novel. By Julia Kavanagh.

True Womanhood. A Novel. By John Neal. 1 vol., 12mo.

Holmby House: A Tale of Old Northamptonshire. By G. Whyte Melville, author of "Kate Coventry," "The Interpreter," etc.

Twelve Years of a Soldier's Life in India. A Memoir, with Extracts from the Letters of the late Major W. S. R. Hodson, British Army. 1 vol., 12mo.

Goethe's Correspondence with a Child (Bettina Brentano).

The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D.D., late Head-Master of Rugby School, and Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M.A. A new American from the 8th London Edition. 2 vols., 12mo.

The Boy-Tar. By Captain Mayne Reid. 1 vol., 12mo, 75 cts. Uniform with "The Boy Hunters, etc.

The Crusades and the Crusaders. A Book for Boys. By J. G. Edgar, author of "The Boyhood of Great Men," etc. 1 vol., 16mo.

CHARLES SCRIBNER, NEW YORK.

Chiefs of Parties, Past and Present, with Original Anecdotes. By D. O. Maddyn, Esq. From 2d London edition.

The Treason of Charles Lee, Major-General, second in command in the American Army of the Revolution. By George H. Moore, Esq.

T. O. H. P. BURNHAM, BOSTON.

Appelles and his Cotemporaries. A Novel, by the author of "Ernest Carroll."

Self-Formation; or, The History of an Individual Mind. 2d American edition.

Broad Grins, and other Poems. By George Coleman, the younger.

SHELDON & CO., NEW YORK.

A Volume of Sermons by Richard Fuller, D.D., of Baltimore. 1 vol, 12mo. Muslin.

Fifty Years Among the Baptists. By Rev. David Benedict, D.D., author of "Baptist Library," etc. 1 vol., 12mo.

The Life of Mary Stuart. By A. De Lamartine. 1 vol., 18mo.

R. M. DEWITT, NEW YORK.

Life of "Osawatamie" Brown.

The Harper's Ferry Insurrection: A Verbatim Report of the Trial of "Osawatamie" Brown and His Confederates, to be published immediately on its completion at Charlestown, Va.

RUDD & CARLETON, NEW YORK.

The Moral History of Women. By Ernest Legouvé, of the French Academy, Lecturer in the College of France; author of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," etc. Translated from the 3d Paris Edition, by Dr. J. W. Palmer.

SAMPSON LOW, SON & CO., LONDON.

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STATE OF NEW YORK,

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE, ALBANY, August 31, 1859.

To the Sheriff of the County of New York:

SIR: NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT, AT THE GENERAL ELECTION to be held in this State on the TUESDAY succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Secretary of State, in the place of Gideon J. Tucker;
A Comptroller, in the place of Sanford E. Church;
An Attorney General, in the place of Lyman Tremain;
A State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of Van R. Richmond;
A State Treasurer, in the place of Isaac V. Vanderpoel;
A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Charles H. Sherrill;
An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Wesley Bailey;
A Judge of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Alexander S. Johnson;
A Clerk of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Russell F. Hicks;

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Also a Justice of the Supreme Court for the first Judicial District, in the place of James J. Roosevelt, whose term of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Also Senators for the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Senate Districts, comprising the County of New York.

COUNTY OFFICERS TO BE ELECTED.

Seventeen Members of Assembly;
Two Justices of the Superior Court, in the place of John Slosson and James Moncrief;
One Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, in the place of Charles P. Daly;
One Justice of the Marine Court, in the place of Albert A. Thompson;

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

The attention of Inspectors of Election and County Canvassers is directed to chap. 271, of Laws of 1859, a copy of which is printed herewith, for instructions in regard to their duties under said act, "submitting to the people a law authorizing a loan of two million five hundred thousand dollars, to provide for the payment of the floating debt of the State."

CHAPTER 271.

AN ACT to submit to the People a Law authorizing a Loan of Two Million Five Hundred Thousand Dollars, to provide for the payment of the Floating Debt of the State. Passed April 13, 1859—three-fifths being present.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, REPRESENTED IN SENATE AND ASSEMBLY, DO ENACT AS FOLLOWS:

SECTION 1. The Commissioners of the Canal Fund are hereby authorized to borrow on the credit of the State two million five hundred thousand dollars, at a rate not exceeding six per cent. per annum, and reimbursable at such periods as shall be determined by the said Commissioners, not exceeding eighteen years from the time of making such loan. All the provisions of law in relation to loans made by Commissioners of the Canal Fund, and the issue and transfer of certificates of stock, shall apply to loans authorized by this act, so far as the same are applicable.

SEC. 2. The moneys realized by such loan shall be applied exclusively to the payment of claims against the State not otherwise provided for, for work done on the canals of the State, and for private property appropriated by the State for the use of such canals, and for injury to private property growing out of the construction of the canals, or to the payment of the principal and interest of such loan, and for no other purpose whatever.

SEC. 3. Two million five hundred thousand dollars is hereby appropriated to be paid out of the Treasury, on the warrant of the Auditor of the Canal Department, from the said moneys, within two years from the time when this act shall take effect, for the payment of claims against the State, specified in the last preceding section, and for the payment of the interest on the loan authorized by this act, which shall become payable prior to the receipt into the Treasury of the first annual tax, hereinafter directed to be levied and collected, for the payment of the interest and principal of the loans authorized by this act; but any sum applied to pay interest as aforesaid may be refunded out of the proceeds of the said taxes when received into the Treasury.

SEC. 4. An annual tax is hereby imposed and shall be levied and collected in the same manner as other State taxes are levied and collected, sufficient to pay the interest and redeem the principal of the loan hereby authorized, within eighteen years from the time of the contracting thereof. The Comptroller shall ascertain and determine what sum, being applied in payment of principal and interest, in the first year after the tax can be collected as aforesaid, and in each succeeding year thereafter, within the period of eighteen years from the time of contracting said loan, will be sufficient to pay the interest and redeem the principal of said loan within said period of eighteen years; and shall in each year apportion the sum so required among the several counties of this State, according to the then last corrected assessment rolls returned to his office, and shall give notice of such apportionment to the Boards of Supervisors of the respective counties. It shall be the duty of the Boards of Supervisors of the respective counties to cause the amount so apportioned in each year to be levied, collected, and paid to the Treasurer of this State, in the same manner as other State taxes. The money collected and paid into the treasury under this section, shall constitute a sinking fund to pay the interest and redeem the principal of the loan contracted pursuant to this act, and shall be sacredly applied to that purpose; and if, at any time, the sinking fund shall be insufficient to comply with the requirements of this section, the Comptroller shall increase the sum thereafter to be levied and collected by tax in each year, so as to make the fund adequate for the purpose aforesaid.

SEC. 5. The fourth section of this act, imposing a tax, may be repealed whenever the revenues of the canals, after meeting all present constitutional charges upon them, shall amount to enough to form a sinking fund sufficient to pay the interest and redeem the principal of all loans within the eighteen years mentioned in the first section of this act.

SEC. 6. This act shall be submitted to the people of this State, at the next general election, and the votes given for its adoption shall be indorsed "Constitutional Loan," and shall be in the following form: "For a loan of two million five hundred thousand dollars, to pay the floating debt of the State," and "Against the loan of two million five hundred thousand dollars, to pay the floating debt of the State." The inspectors of the several election districts of this State shall provide a separate box in which the ballots given in pursuance of this act shall be deposited. The ballots shall be canvassed and returned, and the result shall be determined and certified in the same manner as votes given for the office of Governor of this State. If a majority of the votes cast, pursuant to this act, shall be "For a loan of two million five hundred thousand dollars to pay the floating debt of the State," then the preceding sections of this act shall take effect; but if a majority of the votes so cast shall be "Against a loan of two million five hundred thousand dollars to pay the floating debt of the State," then the said sections shall not take effect, but shall be inoperative.

Yours, respectfully,
GIDEON J. TUCKER, Secretary of State.

CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK,
SHERIFF'S OFFICE, NEW YORK, August 31, 1859.

I hereby certify that the above is a true copy of the original notice received by me from the Secretary of State, and now on file in this office.
JOHN KELLY, Sheriff.

All the proprietors of public newspapers of the City and County of New York are herewith requested to publish the above once in each week until the election, and cause their bills for said publication to be sent to the Board of Supervisors for payment. Dated New York, August 31, 1859.
JOHN KELLY, Sheriff.

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